The Outlook

Vol. 73 March 21, 1903 No. 12

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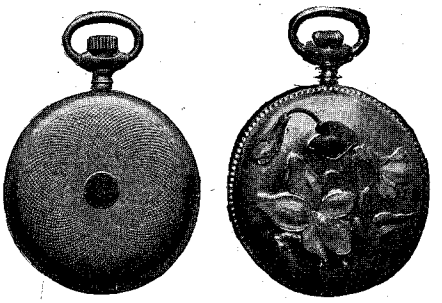

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The Outlook

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The Cuban Treaty Agreement

Sooner than was expected the Senate reached an agreement for action upon both the treaties submitted to the special session. The Cuban treaty was ratified, but it was provided that the treaty should not take effect until it "shall have been approved by Congress." The avowed ground for this postponement is the clause in the Constitution: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives." It is claimed that, as interpreted by tradition both in this country and in England, this clause is to be understood as meaning that all bills which directly affect the revenue must originate in the House, and therefore that a treaty which proposes to reduce the tariff must have the approval of the House. The opponents of this view contend, first, that a clause providing that the House must originate bills for raising revenue does not imply that the House must approve treaties that reduce the revenue, and, secondly, that as the Constitution gives exclusive power of ratifying treaties to the Senate, the Senate may ratify any treaty, whatever its effect on the revenue, although the treaty might not become effectual until the revenue legislation was enacted by the House. The answer to this second position is that a treaty legally made becomes a law of the United States, binding on the officers of the United States, and therefore the customs officers would, in obedience to this treaty, have to collect lower duties on Cuban products. In our judgment, it would have been wise for the Senate to ratify the treaty unconditionally, so that this question of the right of the Senate to ratify a treaty affecting the revenue, which has never been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, might have been taken to the Supreme Court for final adjudication. The result of this action is that, unless the House also is called together in special session, the treaty cannot go into effect until a joint resolution subject to prolonged debate has passed the Congress which assembles next December. If the House again insists that the reduction of the tariff on raw sugar from Cuba be accompanied by the withdrawal of the protection now accorded to the sugar trust, and the Senate again refuses to have this protection withdrawn, there is in store another deadlock. Inasmuch as the number of Congressmen desiring a deadlock is very great, and many of the nominal supporters of Cuban reciprocity are very lukewarm, the postponement of final action upon the treaty opens up endless possibilities of the measure's defeat. The American sugar-refiners would probably receive some of the benefit from the reduced duties, but the bulk of it would doubtless go to the Cuban sugar-planters, for whose relief the reciprocity measure was designed. The opposition to the treaty comes chiefly from the desire to protect the sugar-growers—cane or beet. The advantage to the United States of developing an American community in Cuba and opening a free trade between their ports and ours counts apparently for little with the representatives of these industries.

❀

The Panama Treaty Agreement

Upon the Panama treaty the concessions made to secure an agreement for a vote on Tuesday of this week involved little more than the removal of the injunction of secrecy from the speeches already made by Senator Morgan, and those to be made by other Senators during the closing debate. Even prior to the granting of this concession Senator Morgan had practically secured the privilege

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of publicity by printing eight pamphlets upon the Panama treaty first proposed. In these pamphlets the main objections urged by Senator Morgan to the ratification of the treaty were as follows:

1. That the French courts had no authority to transfer the Panama property of the old canal company to the new; that the dissolution of the old company, under its charter, transferred all its rights in Panama to the Government of Colombia, and that the Colombian Congress alone could now give a valid title to the property in question. 2. That the new Panama Canal Company, by furnishing money to continue a state of war in the United States of Colombia, had "trampled upon" the constitution of that country in order to sell its claims to the United States for $40,000,000. Senator Morgan charges that one million dollars was expended by the Panama Company in this illegitimate way. 3. That the political turmoils in the United States of Colombia, turning as they do upon the issue of clericalism, make the purchase of the Panama Canal a source of public danger. Senator Morgan asserts that the Jesuit order now controls and is likely to control the policies of Colombia, so that disagreement with Colombia brings us into conflict with a religious order of international power. Our Government becomes involved in questions of Church and State, from which it is now free.

Apart from these objections presented in the printed pamphlets, Senator Morgan, in common with many other Senators, has urged that the present treaty is ambiguous in its provisions for a divided sovereignty over the strip of land leased to us for the control of the canal. The treaty provides that Colombia shall furnish the forces necessary for the protection of life and property upon this strip of land, and that if she is unable the United States must secure her consent before providing the forces herself. This stipulation, though it aims merely to preclude territorial sovereignty on the part of the United States, was declared out of harmony with the general tenor of the Spooner Act authorizing the negotiation of a treaty for the construction of a canal under the perpetual and exclusive control of the United States. In order to make certain that the United States of Colombia understands the provisions of the Spooner Act, Senator Morgan has insisted that the text of the act should be incorporated within the treaty. Upon the remaining points urged by Senator Morgan the Senate seems ready to accept the legal judgment of Attorney-General Knox as to present property rights in the canal, and ready to trust to the future good sense of our Government to avoid entanglements with the clerical and anti-clerical factions in Colombia. As to present property rights in the canal, the acceptance of the pending treaty by the Colombian Government would certainly transfer all such rights to ourselves.

❀

Bribery in Rhode Island

For a long time past patriotic citizens of Rhode Island have been protesting against the control of their politics by sordid and corrupt money influences, and last week Governor Garvin gave expression to this protest in a message which calls for action. After freeing his charge from the appearance of partisanship by admitting that both parties have resorted to bribery, and after freeing it from the appearance of exaggeration by admitting that the bribery has rarely changed the results in State elections, Governor Garvin proceeds to state the manner in which the use of money enables a corrupt machine to keep its grip upon the State Legislature. Among other things he says:

In a considerable number of our towns bribery is so common and has existed for so many years that the awful nature of the crime has ceased to impress. In some towns the bribery takes place openly, is not called bribery, nor considered a serious matter. The money paid to the voter, whether two, five, or twenty dollars, is spoken of as a payment for his time. The claim that the money given to the elector is not for the purpose of influencing his vote, but in compensation for time lost in visiting the polls, is the merest sophistry, and should not deceive any adult citizen of ordinary intelligence. It is well known that in such towns, when one political party is supplied with a corruption fund and the other is without, the party so provided invariably elects its Assembly ticket, thus affording positive proof that the votes are bought and the voters bribed.

In a subsequent interview Governor Garvin named the places in which bribery was particularly rampant. The charge that he brings does not relate to the immigrant voters in the cities, but to the native American voters in the rural towns. These rural voters are by the State Constitution given a representation in the Legislature out of all proportion to their numbers, and this unjust political power has been the occasion of their systematic political corruption. In these towns, says Governor Garvin, "the men who

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constantly accept bribes are often men of substance, owning their homes, and sometimes other property. They don't need the money. Long years of bribery have deadened their conscience." The Providence "Journal," in commenting on the situation, brings the responsibility for it home to still another self-esteemed portion of the community. It says:

> The blame for the present order of things . . . belongs with the educated manufacturers and business men of the State who are too busy making money to pay any attention to political conditions; they get what they want and fail absolutely to exercise any influence toward the lessening of corrupt and country domination at the State House.

The readiness to profit by corruption is only one shade removed—in courage as well as guilt—from the readiness to participate in corruption, and the purification of conditions demands a moral awakening all along the line. Governor Garvin narrates that in one Rhode Island town, South Kingston, a few resolute men, under the leadership of Thomas G. Hazard, put down bribery by vigorously prosecuting bribe-givers. The Governor asks the Legislature to authorize the appointment of a State commissioner whose duty it shall be to bring to justice offenders against the present bribery law. Such action cannot be refused by the Legislature without blackening the good name of the State—the good name which the condoners of corruption have hitherto claimed to guard by ignoring the growing evils.

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Governor Odell's Tax Programme

The Republican caucus in the New York Legislature has agreed upon Governor Odell's tax programme, by which the State may meet the interest and sinking-fund charges upon the $101,000,000 of bonds which must be issued to cover the proposed barge canal improvements, and also to do away with all State taxation upon property assessed for local purposes. This programme includes an increase of one-half in the present rates for liquor licenses, a tax of one per cent. upon inheritances of real estate where the property of the decedent exceeds in value $10,000, and, finally, a yearly tax of four mills on recorded mortgages. Even with the increase in the liquor taxes license fees in New York will still be lower than in a few other States—ranging from $1,200 in New York City down to $300 in rural townships—but the aggregate public revenue from the licenses is expected to reach $18,000,000, or twelve dollars for every family in the State. In this estimate it is reckoned that the number of liquor-dealers will be reduced about one-tenth by the increase in the fees. At present the State receives but one-third of the liquor taxes, and the local governments two-thirds. According to the new programme the State will receive a half—or nine million dollars. Compared with this aggregate the estimated receipts from the proposed extension of the inheritance tax to cover real estate as well as personalty seems small indeed, being only seven hundred thousand dollars. The proposed four-mill tax on mortgages does not appear to apply to railroad mortgages, but is expected, none the less, to yield a revenue of $12,000,000—to be equally divided between the State and the localities. This mortgage tax is illogical, and imposes a burden upon mortgaged real estate that does not rest upon real estate mortgage-free. Nevertheless it is a compromise in the direction of fairness and honesty, for under the present rarely enforced law the owner of a mortgage is liable to be taxed upon it at the full rate—generally about two per cent. in the cities. It is thought that the reduction of the nominal tax rate on mortgages from twenty mills to four mills may so increase the number of investors willing to lend money on mortgages that interest rates will not be materially raised by the systematic collection of the small tax now proposed. There are certainly to-day many honest capitalists who refuse to lend money on mortgages because of the legal liability to an oppressive tax. If the present tax programme goes into effect, there will certainly be no need of any State levy upon the local tax duplicates. There is danger, however, as Connecticut's experience shows, that greater extravagance in State appropriations will ensue when legislators are no longer restrained by their constituents' desire for a low tax rate on their property.

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New York State's Dual Educational System

Last week's events would seem to show that the bill to unify the educational system of New York State may be approved by the State's legislators if their constituents give it active support. For half a century the dual system has been endured; it was inaugurated because people thought that two organizations would occupy different fields: one, the University of the State of New York, governed by a Board of Regents, elected for life by the Legislature, serving without pay and without partisanship, having the management of academies and other institutions of higher learning and prescribing standards of examination; the other, the Department of Public Instruction, controlling the elementary schools, and under a superintendent chosen by the Legislature for a term of three years. If these two classes of schools could have been kept separate, there would have been a consequent avoidance of friction, but they cannot be so kept, as has already been explained in these columns. Hence there is a natural and praiseworthy desire on both sides for unification. If this were accomplished under the Regents' control, as provided by the Stevens bill now before the Legislature, all the schools of the State would be taken out of politics; if accomplished by the Brown bill, also before the Legislature, the Regents would be gradually eliminated, and the schools kept in politics by creating a politically controlled Board of Education within the present Board of Regents, thus increasing the subjection of the schools to politics. Of course educationists whose opinions are best worth considering are practically unanimous in the conviction that the schools ought to be free from all political control. Hence the Stevens bill should be passed and the Brown bill killed. This, however, does not prevent many educationists from thinking that the Board of Regents is too unwieldy a body, and that its members should not enjoy life tenure. If the Regents will accept changes in these directions, "all genuine friends of education will zealously rally to their support," says the New York "Evening Post," apparently overlooking the fact that three years ago the proposition to unify the Empire State's educational interests was defeated *by its friends* through a desire to settle details in advance. It is clear to us that the present is not the time to discuss questions of reorganization of the Board of Regents. The other and far more vital question of taking the schools out of politics is awaiting settlement. Never in the State's educational history has there been an opportunity like the present to solve this long-vexed problem. The way is clear. Pass the Stevens bill. Then, with the main question settled, the subsidiary one of Regents' reorganization may properly be left to subsequent legislation. The process is easy, since, by the Constitution, the Legislature has power to deal with these details. To attempt now to settle details on which there are differences of opinion is to invite disaster from the start.

❀

Amendments to the New Hampshire Constitution

Six of the ten amendments submitted to the voters of New Hampshire by the recent Constitutional Convention were rejected at the polls. Popular interest centered chiefly in the woman's suffrage amendment. Prominent representatives of the National organizations for and against the proposal played an active part in the campaign. By mass-meetings, petitions, and free discussions the voters had been well lined up before election day, but instead of the two-thirds vote necessary to its adoption, it was lost by very nearly a two-thirds negative vote. In a State in which over 92,000 votes were cast in a Presidential year, only 13,000 voters, in round numbers, favored woman suffrage strongly enough to vote for it; and scarcely more than 35,000 cared enough about it to vote either for or against it. In some places barely a half of those who actually went to the polls took the trouble to vote on the question—a fact which apparently indicates that the amendment was not taken very seriously. Next in public interest was the proposed amendment empowering the Legislature to tax franchises and inheritances. It was adopted, as was also an amendment regarding the control of trusts. The latter has little significance except as showing the disposition of the people on the subject; it seems to confer no new power. Two other amendments were adopted:

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an unimportant one regarding militia officers, and one requiring that henceforth no new voter be qualified who is not able to read the Constitution in English and to write. One rejected amendment was designed to lessen the size of the New Hampshire Legislature, which is one of the largest legislative bodies in the world. The vote against this desirable measure was probably due to the form in which the amendment was presented. The other proposed amendments, with one exception, received little attention. This exception is interesting. The Bill of Rights, dating from the days of Church establishment, contains in Article 6 a recognition of the Protestant evangelical religion as the religion of the State. It also empowers the Legislature to authorize "towns, parishes, and religious societies" to support teachers of religion and morality. The Constitutional Conventions of 1850, 1876, and 1889 proposed amendments reducing the partiality of this article, but they failed of adoption. A similar proposal to strike out the words "Protestant," "evangelical," and "town" has just met the same fate. As the Legislature has long since surrendered its Constitutional powers for the support of religion, and as the old article is practically repealed by the actual separation of Church and State, the voters of New Hampshire have evidently determined not to part with the heirloom.

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The Waterbury Boycott Murder and Injunction

It was thought, when the street-car riots in Waterbury were put down, and the company was able to run its cars on regular schedules, with non-union men, that the strike would speedily collapse. This result, however, did not ensue. The strike was not declared off, but, instead, the united unions of Waterbury kept in force a most persistent and successful boycott, not only of the street-car company, but of all who patronized it. It is roughly estimated that the city of Waterbury contains eight thousand trades-unionists among a population of ten thousand families, and this force acting unitedly was able to terrorize merchants, and others not in sympathy with the boycott, to obey its edicts. The Waterbury "American" remarked that the company was able to supply the city with cars, but could not make it ride. In refusing to patronize merchants who did not join in the boycott the unionists, of course, acted in accordance with Revolutionary precedent, as they are so fond of pointing out; but the effect of their boycott, as of the Revolutionary boycott, was greatly to embitter class hatreds. The effect of this bitterness showed itself in a succession of petty outrages, and finally, on Saturday night before last, in the dastardly murder of a policeman guarding a car in a lonely spot at the end of one of the lines. Naturally, this crime awoke the moral indignation of the city, and the unions made haste to denounce it in unmeasured terms, but public opinion justly held that the union's deprecation of crimes should not end in words, but should lead to positive disciplinary action by which such crimes would be prevented. Outrages upon non-unionists occur only where respectable union sentiment looks upon the crimes with toleration. Last week in Waterbury the people hostile to the boycott began to organize to assert their independence, with the prospect of success, but at the close of the week certain elements on the anti-union side attempted to secure a speedier victory by recourse to the process of injunction. Through Judge Elmer, of the Superior Court, obtained an injunction directed against seventeen Waterbury unions, their officers, over a hundred members by name, and all whom the writ might concern, forbidding any further interference with the operation of the street-car service of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, efforts to induce its employees to leave its service, picketing or loitering in the streets for the purpose of interfering with such employees, and all forms of the boycott, whether of the company, its employees, local merchants, persons riding in the company's cars, or those having dealings with the company. Here we have perhaps the most sweeping injunction yet issued in an American labor conflict, and its effect has been to arouse the unions to new zeal in their conflict. Many of the things forbidden, however immoral, are apparently not illegal. Employees have a legal right to buy where they please, just as employers have a legal right to hire whom they please. Wherein the boycott was

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immoral, moral weapons should have been relied upon to cope with it.

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The Canadian Parliament

Last week a new session of the Canadian Parliament began. To those on this side the border the principal event so far has been the attack on the Government by Mr. Borden, the Opposition leader, for not opposing the Hay-Herbert Treaty, recently negotiated and ratified between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Borden declared that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should not have been abrogated without provision first having been made for the delimitation of the Alaska boundary, and added that the American Commissioners were not "impartial jurists," as required by the Hay-Herbert Treaty. Replying, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, as reported, showed the possibility always present of unpleasantness as long as the boundary question was unsettled. Thus he regarded the treaty as a distinct victory over the position previously taken by the United States because of the abandonment of the condition that territory now in America's possession, such as Dyea and Skagway, must be recognized as American in any event. The present provision on this point is fair and honorable to both parties, he said. Decision or no decision, he continued, one result of the Commission would be the best possible education for the American and British people on the points contended for by Canada. He also had expected that the American Commissioners would be "impartial jurists" of repute. Mr. Root was much in the position of a party to a suit trying his own case. Senator Turner, he understood, was an interested party in connection with the enterprises in the Northwestern States. Senator Lodge had expressed very strong opinions against the claims of Canada, upon which he will be called to pass judgment. Sir Wilfrid declared, however, that the British Commissioners should really be "impartial jurists," the best to be found in the Empire. Sir Wilfrid, like most of his compatriots, evidently feels aggrieved by the choice of the American Commissioners. He has always been friendly to this country, but is now being assailed by the Conservative press throughout the Dominion because he consented to the new treaty's plan of settlement of the Alaskan boundary difficulty, provided that the Commissioners were to be "impartial jurists." "As soon as the matter is settled on this basis and the treaty signed," says one trusted exponent of Canadian opinion, "the President nominates as Commissioners men who certainly cannot be appropriately classed under this head." On the other hand, the English papers have taken such a different tone as to lead the Montreal "Herald" to remark: "The fulsome flattery of the Americans used by the 'Spectator' and certain other English journals will have a tendency to make Canadians angry, for it lends British encouragement to what is not fair play." Canadian dissatisfaction may be somewhat lessened if, as is now reported, the Dominion Government's recommendation that two of the three British members of the Commission shall be Canadians has been approved by the Imperial authorities.

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Argentina and the United States

The diplomatic note sent by the Argentine Republic through its representative in Washington to our Government, as at first inadequately reported in the newspapers, had something naïvely humorous about it. It seemed to be a proposition that the United States should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Argentine Republic to prevent such a forced collection of debt by foreign nations as we have just seen carried out in the case of Venezuela. When one comes to read the full text of the note, however, this seems an exaggerated view of the proposal. It has long been held by some nations and some authorities on international law that such a method of debt collection, namely, by naval or military force, ought not to be recognized as in accordance with the sound principles of international law. This belief is often called the Calvo doctrine, and (whatever may be said for and against it) it is at least debatable. The Government of Argentina in its note to Secretary Hay really argues for the acceptance of this principle by the nations generally and by the United States in particular. It would be one thing for the United States, through its representatives

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at the Hague Tribunal or through making treaties with other nations, to advocate the Calvo doctrine; it would be an entirely different thing for the United States to say or intimate that it would not permit a European nation to collect just debts from a South American republic by force because of the Monroe Doctrine. In point of fact, the Monroe Doctrine has little to do with this question directly. The principles which apply to the arbitrary collection of a debt by force in Venezuela would apply equally to similar measures as against Turkey—and in point of fact the United States has more than once pretty broadly intimated that it might be provoked to taking precisely this course against the Porte. While it is perfectly certain that Secretary Hay will not commit this country to the policy which South American States would doubtless welcome by defending them against their just creditors, it is interesting to note that Argentina urges with justice that a strong power should not apply force to a weak power until it has exhausted all reasonable resources of remonstrance, and, it is to be hoped, arbitration. Another point of much interest in this Argentina note is the recognition and indorsement given openly to the Monroe Doctrine; it is said that this is the first time that a South American nation has officially acknowledged and accepted the Monroe Doctrine as acceptable to itself.

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The English Church Discipline Bill

One of the most important events of the present session of the English Parliament was the passage last week of the Church Discipline Bill through the House of Commons by the significant majority of 139 to 59. While much comment has been evoked by the excesses of ritualism (increasingly evident in certain Anglican churches), still more comment has been due to episcopal action—or rather inaction—in respect to some of the offenders. Non-ritualists in England long since came to the conclusion that only Parliament could drastically and definitely deal with the matter. In 1899 the House of Commons adopted a resolution to the effect that if episcopal efforts were unsuccessful to induce avoidance of what had been declared unlawful by the Lambeth Conference, legislation by Parliament would be required. After a four years' test of the Bishops' power, the non-ritualists declare that the prelates have failed to do their duty. Accordingly, Mr. Austen Taylor recently introduced a bill in Parliament affirming that a panic practically existed in the Church owing to the failure of the Bishops to restrain the too ritualistically inclined clergy. The bill removes the Bishops' veto upon proceedings against contumacious clerics, gives to the civil courts the right to take cognizance of proceedings brought by laymen to prevent ritualistic excesses, and provides that a clergyman who continues disobedient for three months shall be deprived of his "living." The opposition to the measure was composed, first of all, of Ritualists; secondly, of High Churchmen, who were offended not so much because the bill was anti-ritualistic as because it limited episcopal functions. These opponents received a notable accession to their ranks in the person of the Prime Minister himself. While desirous that illegal practices shall be put down, Mr. Balfour, though a Scottish Presbyterian, declared his opposition, first because Dr. Davidson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, had not yet been given time enough to carry out his plans for reform; secondly, because the authority of the Church itself should be extended, and no policy countenanced to "render the episcopate almost a superfluity." Sir William Harcourt, the veteran Liberal leader, replied by saying that conditions had now reached a stage where, if the right of veto were left to the Bishops, and laymen were not given their rights in ecclesiastical as well as in civil matters, it would be better to disestablish the Church. This is also the opinion of The Outlook. The large majority vote showed that public opinion as a rule in England supports Sir William's view, and last week's event in Parliament would seem to have brought disestablishment one step nearer.

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Dean Bradley
Ernest Legouvé
Gaston Paris

During the past week England and France have been called upon to mourn the deaths of three distinguished men. In England Dean Bradley passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three years. Until his resignation last summer, Dr.

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Bradley had been Dean of Westminster for twenty-one years, in succession to Dean Stanley. Both men were fitted by nature and education to enjoy and honor a position which in real distinction is equal to any bishopric and superior to most. Both men had been pupils of Arnold at Rugby, and later, at Oxford, Bradley was a pupil of Stanley himself; he then became Assistant Master at Rugby, Master of Marlborough College, and finally Master of University College, Oxford. During Dr. Bradley's Deanship of Westminster the Abbey was transformed from a crumbling to a solid and safe material condition, but the Dean will long be held in loving memory for a more personal labor—his habit once a week of conducting chosen parties about the Abbey. He was an authority on all points concerning the venerable building and its relation to history.——Ernest Legouvé, the famous French dramatic writer, died at the fine old age of ninety-six years. The writer of many plays, he will always be best known as the author, with Scribe, of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." This play was produced in 1849 by Rachel, who, for some whim, declined later to appear in Legouvé's "Medée" and found herself supplanted in it by Madame Ristori. The striking success of the latter actress convinced the last doubters in the French Academy of Legouvé's worth, and he entered that body in triumph. For many years he has been the Academy's oldest member.——The French Academy has also lost Professor Gaston Paris, the Director of the Collége of France (succeeding Ernest Renan), who died at the comparatively early age of sixty-three years. Gaston Paris was one of the very few French scholars who had enjoyed a German education. The thoroughness of his scholarship was universally acknowledged. Only three weeks ago The Outlook reviewed a translation of his "Mediæval French Literature," a province in which he was unrivaled. His lectures were frequented by students from all parts of the world, who will feel the loss, not only of a great teacher, but a friend; for Gaston Paris was never more attractive than in dispensing personal and social favors, and his home was the rendezvous of students, scholars, and men of letters, both young and old.

The Young Men's Christian Association Work

Three interesting announcements of Young Men's Christian Association work have been made quite recently. The first reports that the Mexican Central and the Mexican National Railways have agreed to contribute $100 a month for the support of the Young Men's Christian Association in the City of Mexico. This is the first Association in Mexico, but others are to be organized in the near future at the larger commercial centers. The City of Mexico Association comprises over three hundred members from among the eight thousand English-speaking young men in that city. Some adverse criticism of the Association has come from Mexicans because of the Association's refusal to countenance Sunday baseball. This was to be expected in a land where the Sunday bull-fight continues to be the great popular pastime. Despite this, the Sunday religious meetings for young men are largely attended, and are addressed by the leading business men of the city. One reason why the club-life feature of the City of Mexico Association is strong is because the Association is housed in a fine old mansion, which, with its garden, occupies nearly an entire block. The second announcement comes from the Chicago Association, which shows nearly 4,900 members, who paid for their dues and privileges last year over $72,000—certainly an important sum. Less than one-third of the entire membership represents Protestant church affiliation. The Chicago Association occupies a thirteen-story building valued at $1,600,000, the rentals from which help to support the organization. Over two thousand young men go to the building daily, seven hundred of these visiting the gymnasium and natatorium. Over seventeen hundred students were taught last year in the evening school. In the summer one of the finest athletic fields about Chicago is conducted by the Association; its athletes take rank with the best in the country, and stand for honorable amateur athletics. The noon prayer-meeting, established by the late D. L. Moody when President of the Chicago Association, averages over fifty men throughout the year, and has not omitted its daily service for over forty years. Last year, out of over twenty-five hundred men

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applying for employment, nearly a thousand situations were found through the Association bureau. While the Chicago Association is the largest in the world, it does not limit its influence to its membership. Fully twice the number of its members attend its social gatherings, thus being influenced in a practical and helpful way towards proper manhood and citizenship.

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The New Spirit The third announcement comes from an article in the "North China Daily News," published at Shanghai, and describing the Young Men's Christian Association plant there. Until recently there was not a single place in Shanghai for the meeting of young men for social intercourse and recreation, free from the temptation of drink; there is now at their disposal a handsome building with reading, billiard, and dining rooms, and ten bedrooms—in fact, all the concomitants of a modern club except the drinking bar. The Shanghai Association enrolls among its four hundred members representatives of every section of the community and of almost every shade of opinion. There are now five native student branches of the Association, comprising a total membership of over a thousand. The Shanghai paper thus comments upon the spirit of the work being accomplished: "Where formerly the Young Men's Christian Association stood for a narrow and lopsided culture, it now aims at an all-round excellence, religious, moral, and physical. Nothing has done more to dispel popular prejudice against the Association than the achievements of the Young Men's Christian Association in all manly games and athletics. They have gone far to convince an otherwise skeptical public that a man need not be a milksop because he is religious, or cease to be a sportsman when he becomes a Christian." These are timely words. Whether in Mexico or Chicago or Shanghai, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association has changed in character from its somewhat pietistic attitude of three and four decades ago to a broader, wiser, more practical and rational plan. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association as it exists to-day inculcates a spirit of manly Christianity in all departments of life..

The Tenement-House Fight Last week there was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., at Plymouth Church, a mass-meeting to protest against the assaults on the tenement-house law. The names on the list of those calling the meeting included the most influential men of the borough. The speakers were Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. R. W. De Forest, Tenement-House Commissioner; Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad; the Rev. Lyman Abbott; and the Rev. W. P. Harmon, who presided. As several of them pointed out, there was a peculiar appropriateness in holding this meeting in a church which had been associated with many historic revolts against oppression and inhumanity. Especially keen was the irony directed against those who had apologized for the bills undoing tenement-house reform on the ground that such bills were pre-eminently practical measures. The most important speech of the evening was that of Mr. De Forest, the Tenement-House Commissioner, who explained at some length a new measure introduced into the Legislature by the Tenement-House Commission. He made it clear that the bill was introduced, not as a compromise or a "dicker," but as a benefit to the tenants. This, he said, would be shown in reduced rents. He gave clear and authoritative warning that if in the course of legislative action on the bill any "monstrosities" should be attached, the bill would be vetoed by Governor Odell. Both by the applause evoked by various utterances of the speakers, and by formal resolutions passed, it was evident that the audience was agreed in having a cordial confidence in the present Tenement-House Commission and its head. Three facts concerning the present status of the tenement-house question in New York are now pretty well established. First, that the people who in this fight have shown their preference for things over men are not going to have their way. Second, that the agitation caused by the introduction of inhuman bills into the Legislature has not only demonstrated the fact that the tenement dwellers, as Mr. De Forest put it, resent the homes in which they have to live, but also has educated a large part of the community, who live comfortably, regarding the fundamental nature of the

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housing problem. Third, that this battle for better tenement conditions is not ended by any means, for it has to do with establishing tenements that will remain when the character of the population shall have changed and all space shall have been built upon as thickly as the law now allows. It will require continuous vigilance to prevent the reproach that has fallen upon this generation from falling upon the generation to come—the reproach well voiced by the workingman whom Mr. De Forest reported as saying to him: "Why didn't you give the East Side a chance before?"

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Civic Æsthetics Years ago the community of Springfield, Mass., allowed the New York, New Haven, and Hudson River Railroad to encroach upon its beautiful Connecticut River front. At that time the enthusiasm of the citizens of the town was all for the railroad and not for the river. The river promised no possibilities of growth; the railroad did. Hence a lovely, almost majestic waterfront was allowed to become unlovely and even hideous through the mistaken idea of the people that a priceless gift of nature could be bartered away for a material gain. In recent years, however, the citizens of Springfield have realized their mistake. Led by the initiative of their great daily paper, the Springfield "Republican," and by its steady, long-continued appeal and pushing, not only did æsthetically inclined citizens regret the blunder that had been made, but the community as a whole became influenced by the propaganda of the "Republican." The plan to retrieve the mistake was as follows: Bordering the principal street of the town was a large open space called Court Square; it was proposed to continue this square to the river and there to build a viaduct over the railroad tracks. The expense of acquiring and improving the necessary property, however—$200,000—seemed prohibitive, but it was thought that if half this sum could be raised by a public subscription, the town could afford to bear the expense of the rest. Impetus was given to the project by the bequest to it of $10,000 by the late Tilly Haynes and by the offer of another $10,000 from Mr. E. H. Barney. The campaign was energetically managed, haste in contributions being urged because the ground would inevitably and very soon become dearer. The conviction grew also among all classes of people that a centrally located park was a necessity in a town like Springfield, and that it should be located on this very site, since the existing City Hall, Police Building, Grand Army Hall, and Court-House (the latter a Richardson structure) would border the proposed park. The sanitary and the æsthetic values of the project seemed equally evident to every one, and the contributions came in with increasing frequency until they more than reached the sum proposed. The remarkable thing about them was their number; there were only fifty contributors of more than a hundred dollars each, while many gave less than one dollar apiece. Thus this civic improvement is not only something done for the long future and well done, but done by the whole community.

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The Paramount Issue

It cannot be doubted that the course of the Administration in respect to Delaware has chilled the popular enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt as a heroic leader in the National battle against corruption. Confidence in his statesmanship and his statecraft—his grasp of great principles and his practical skill in dealing with conflicting factions—has been steadily increasing; but faith in his political heroism has received a shock. His first appointment of Mr. Byrne was a perplexity to his friends, but they explained it as a sudden impulse; his second appointment of Mr. Byrne is to them inexplicable. It seems like a public notification from the President of the United States of a *nolle prosequi* for the men who have practiced wholesale bribery in Delaware. And yet, though we cannot doubt that this is the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's action, we cannot believe that it is Mr. Roosevelt's intention. If any are inclined, as some are, to think that he is ready to take advantage for his party of Mr. Addicks's frauds, and to condone the offense because it is politically profitable to the Republicans, we remind them that a man whose loyalty to principle has been attested by a life of heroic devotion is not to be summarily convicted of disloyalty because of one act, however inconsistent it may seem to be with his

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previous record. We still hope that there will be enough Republicans in the Senate ready to join with the Democrats to defeat the appointment. We can conceive no ground on which it can be justified. Not on the ground of Mr. Byrne's distinguished ability, for his legal record is not of the best; not on the ground of political regularity, for he resigned his office to defeat the regular Republican nominee for Congress; not on the ground that he is the best possible man to prosecute the rascals who have been corrupting the elections in Delaware, for he has joined his fortunes to theirs.

We understand perfectly well that politics makes strange bedfellows; that in politics one must often work with men whom one would not choose as his associates; that in politics, when one cannot do what he would, he must fain do what he can; that in politics one must often sacrifice a subordinate issue to win a paramount one. We understand perfectly well that, in order to get the Cuban treaty and the Panama treaty and the anti-trust legislation through the Senate, it was important to have two Republican Senators from Delaware. But these are not the paramount issues; honesty is the paramount issue—that is second to none other; all other issues are second to that. We mean exactly this. It would be better to sail away from the Philippines and leave them to themselves, whatever ruin might befall them, better to refuse reciprocity with Cuba and leave her to fight her own commercial battles, better to postpone the building of an interoceanic canal another fifty years or leave it unbuilt forever, or let France, England, or Germany build it, better to leave the trusts to be dealt with by industrial forces and State governments, than to compromise with the corruption which buys a State in the open market, confesses the deed, and justifies the bribery by the cynical declaration that nothing succeeds like success.

It would be better, because it is better to be an honest nation than a big nation; better because single-hearted integrity is better in a people, as in an individual, than commercial prosperity; better because to profess humanity and essay human policies toward the rest of mankind and condone corruption at home is national Pharisaism, and Pharisaism is the worst of all sins in a nation as in an individual; better because in fact the fatal foe to dealing honestly with other peoples is popular leniency toward dishonest men at home. We need only to read the history of the past few months for evidence that the worst foes to honorable politics are dishonorable men. In vain has Mr. Roosevelt eloquently pleaded for generous treatment of the Cubans; in vain has he pleaded for fair treatment of the Filipinos. There is a Republican majority in Congress; Cuban reciprocity and Philippine tariff reduction are distinctly party policies; there is no shadow of a question that they would be overwhelmingly supported at the polls by the Republican party in a general election. But the appeals of the President and the opinions of the people are unheeded by men to whom the supposed pecuniary interest of a few beet-sugar growers and a few tobacco-growers overbalance all other considerations. It may take time and patience to convince an honest man of the truth; but even invincible ignorance will yield at last to argument, if the ignorance is honest and the argument enlightening. But time and patience are wasted on men who are corrupt and corrupters of their fellows. The only argument that weighs with a bribe-taker is a bigger bribe. Allow public corruption to go on unhalted, uncondemned, unpunished, and elections will cease to be discussions of principles: they will become auction sales, in which a minority, holding the balance of power, will sell the power which they wield to the highest bidder.

He has read to little purpose the histories of Greece, and Rome, and Venice, and Bourbon France, and England, who does not see that the issue of honest government is the paramount issue, whenever and however it presents itself. For it was because corruption conquered in Greece, and Rome, and Venice, and Bourbon France that they all died; and because the corruption of England under the Georges was conquered by the Puritan conscience of her people that England lives. He has read to little purpose the history of the past decade who does not see that this plague of the nations is in our blood. The corruption revealed in New York City, in Minneapolis, in St. Louis, in Chicago, the corruption in Mon-

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tana and in Delaware, is patent, obvious, unconcealed; but these cases are not sporadic. How long must we wait before we begin our fight in dead earnest against the blood-poisoning, which is more fatal than the most fatuous of public policies—be they what they may? Jethro's counsel to Moses, old as it is, the world has not outgrown; it is timely now: "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating coveteousness." Not merely men who are honest, but men who are aggressively honest; who hate coveteousness; who dare risk, not their own political fortunes merely, but those of their party, rather than fight their battles with hired Hessians. Men who will strike with a strong hate and pierce with a fine scorn the bribe-taker and the bribe-giver, whether the bribe be a commercial advantage in the market, an official emolument in politics, or a roll of National bank-notes at the polls.

To get such men as this to act for us in our public life, city, State, and Nation, this is the paramount issue. It is because the American people believed that they had in Mr. Roosevelt such a man that he has aroused an enthusiasm greater than that aroused by any President since Abraham Lincoln. Any act of his that casts a shadow of suspicion on his recognition of the principle that public honesty is the paramount issue chills that enthusiasm and robs him of his power. Those who love and honor him the most feel most deeply any acts which makes possible such a suspicion. "Hating covetousness" is a spirit hard to maintain in the malarial atmosphere of Washington; but the life of the Nation depends upon maintaining it. "Principles, not men" is the devil's motto. Principles are absolutely useless except as they are incarnate in men. Men are worse than useless except as they incarnate principles. Principles in men, men of principles—this is the absolute condition, not only of National strength and National prosperity, but of National existence. It were better to adopt free trade and shut down half our factories, and free silver and close half our banks, provided we still kept honest, than to purchase a short-lived commercial prosperity by condoning or ignoring or being indifferent to the crimes against the State of a Croker in New York, an Ames in Minneapolis, a Butler in St. Louis, a Clark in Montana, or an Addicks in Delaware.

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The Czar's Decree

We publish in full on another page the edict of the Czar respecting religious liberty and political reform in Russia. His successful project for the establishment of the Hague Tribunal will lead Americans to regard this edict with favorable predisposition. They will be inclined to hope from it an end to religious persecution, an initiation of some measure of local self-government, and a further enfranchisement of the serfs. We wish very much that a careful reading of the edict justified any such interpretation. We are compelled to conclude that it does not, that the decree is important rather for what it indicates than for what it promises. As a symptom of political and social unrest it is significant; as an earnest of religious or political reform it is unimportant. It does not order anything that is of real value, nor mark the beginning of a new era, nor indicate any important change in the policy pursued by the Russian Government since the death of Alexander II. What genuineness of desire for reform it may indicate in the Czar we do not undertake to determine; but measured by its actual or prospective effects it is little more than a bureaucratic attempt to placate, by means of vague promises and trivial concessions, a fully aroused public sentiment in favor of liberal reforms.

The clause in the decree which has attracted the most attention is that apparently proclaiming religious liberty. In it the Czar says: "We . . . have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all of our subjects of other religions, and to all foreign persuasions, freedom of creed and worship, in accordance with their rites." This paragraph does not change in any respect the existing law, or add anything whatever to the religious privileges of the

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Russian people. Mohammedans have had their mosques, Jews their synagogues, and Roman Catholics and Lutherans their churches in Russia for many years, and have worshiped in them, according to their respective creeds and rites, without let or hindrance. The thing that is denied in Russia is the right of an Orthodox Christian to think for himself in religious matters, and, as the result of such thinking, to change the form of his religious faith and leave the Orthodox Church. The denial of that right is not affected in the slightest degree by the Czar's proclamation of religious liberty. The law, as it now stands, is as follows:

> All persons who leave the Orthodox Church for the Church of any other Christian denomination shall be turned over to the spiritual authorities for admonition and instruction, and shall then be dealt with in accordance with ecclesiastical rules. Until they shall return to Orthodoxy, their minor children shall be taken in charge by the Government, in order that they may not become perverted, and their lands, if occupied by Orthodox Christians, shall be put under guardianship and they shall not be permitted to live thereupon. (Penal Code, Revised Edition, Section 188.)

The punishment for inducing or persuading another person to leave the Orthodox Church is much more severe. The Code says:

> For inducing an Orthodox Christian to become a member of any other Christian Church, the guilty one shall be deprived of all special, personal, and acquired rights, and shall be exiled to Siberia, or imprisoned at hard labor, for a period of from one year to a year and a half. (Penal Code, Section 187.)
>
> For persuading or inducing an Orthodox Christian to adopt the Jewish or any other non-Christian faith, the guilty one shall be deprived of all civil rights and sent into penal servitude for a period of from eight to ten years. (Penal Code, Section 184.)

If a man or woman who is a member of the Orthodox Church marries a woman or man who is a Lutheran or a Roman Catholic, the children must be trained up in the Orthodox faith. If parents disobey this law, they are to be punished with imprisonment for a period of from eight to sixteen months. (Penal Code, Section 190.) These laws, and many others which limit freedom of conscience, freedom of teaching, and freedom of speech in religious matters, as well as freedom to criticise and discuss the Bible and the Church, remain untouched by the Czar's decree. He merely says, in effect: "You shall continue to have as much religious freedom as you have enjoyed, under the provisions of the Penal Code, during the past half-century;" but he says it in such a solemn and impressive way as to make the outside world think that he is conferring a great favor and inaugurating a momentous religious reform.

The next statement in the document is scarcely more significant. It is as follows: "We are further resolved to continue the active carrying out of measures for the improvement of the material position of the Orthodox rural clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in public life." In point of fact, the rural clergy form, numerically, a small part of the Russian population; they have never made any particular complaint with regard to their "material position;" they are generally men of limited education, and the "share" that they have hitherto taken "in public life" has been to discourage the liberal movement, oppose secular schools, and serve as an instrument of the reactionary party.

The Czar next says that measures are "impending" "for the consolidation of the national economy"—whatever that may mean—and that, in accordance with these measures, the banks should "strengthen and develop the welfare and fundamental pillars of Russian village life, and that of the local nobility and peasantry." This may have some meaning in the original Russian, but it is very vague and obscure in the English translation. From the next sentence it appears that the "laws of the rural population" are to be "revised," and, when formulated, are to be "referred to the provincial government councils" for further development and adaptation. It is this clause which is supposed to imply some measure of local self-government, but this implication is not justified by the text. If the words "provincial government councils" are a translation of "*gubernskoe pravlenie*," the revised laws are to be submitted to boards of bureaucratic officials from whom the Russian people have already suffered much, and from whom no adequate measures of relief are to be expected. But even if the words mean the provincial assemblies or "*zemstvos*," there is no assurance that these bodies

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are to have anything more than an advisory voice, and their advice, when it has conflicted with the views or the interests of the bureaucracy, has always been disregarded.

The clauses which are supposed to enlarge the freedom of the serfs are not much more significant. The order that "means are to be found to render it easier for the individual to sever connections with the community" (the village commune) "to which he belongs" is very good as far as it goes, but as a measure of relief it is trivial. The assurance that measures shall be taken without delay "to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor" has little importance. The only "forced labor" to which the peasants are now liable is the mending of roads at certain seasons of the year, and the carrying of officials from place to place, off railroads, when such officials are traveling on Government business. This is a desirable reform, but it is insignificant. The promise that "thorough reform shall be effected in the provincial governments and district administrations by the local representatives" has a hopeful sound, but, inasmuch as it does not specify what the reforms shall be, nor indicate whether they are to be brought about by the "local representatives" of the people or the "local representatives" of the Minister of the Interior, it is vague and unsatisfactory.

In short, there is little in this decree to indicate any purpose on the part of those who have prepared it to furnish any real relief for the evils from which the Russian people are suffering. For a clear and definite statement of those evils we need only turn to the reports of the district and provincial committees appointed a little more than a year ago to consider the needs of the Russian peasantry and ascertain the reasons for the steady and progressive decline in their economic condition. Some of those evils, briefly stated, are as follows: (1) Insufficient land; (2) high and inequitable taxation; (3) deprivation of legal rights enjoyed by the higher classes; (4) inadequate educational facilities; (5) too much bureaucratic interference and control; (6) a tariff which favors manufactures at the expense of agriculture; (7) restrictions upon the right to assemble for discussion and joint action; (8) lack of a free press; (9) the passport system, and restriction, in general, of personal movement and individual initiative. The district committee of Sudja, in the province of Kursk, sets forth specifications of removable evils to the number of twenty-three; but the nine above stated are contained in a more or less definite form in the reports of nearly all the local committees. Not one of them is touched or alluded to in the Czar's decree. The Imperial proclamation amounts to little more than a vague general statement of benevolent intentions, and, however well meant by the Czar, was probably intended by the Czar's advisers to placate the educated liberal class and quiet the public feeling aroused by the widespread agrarian disturbances and student disorders of last year, the great labor strike on the Don, and the bold and frank reports of many of the agricultural-inquiry committees. It is a hopeful sign chiefly because it indicates that the Russian discontent has reached such proportions that the bureaucracy has at least been compelled to recognize that such discontent exists.

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The Dead Soul

The old man had come a long way, and was burdened not only with years and sorrows, but with the knowledge of good and evil. As he looked back and retraced the road he had traveled over, the weariness of the journey gathered upon his spirit until it seemed to him as if the spring of life had been choked at its source, and nothing remained save the dry and dusty channel through which the stream had once run shining in the sun. He was so worn with labor and grief and unfulfilled hope that he thought of little save rest; the soul in him had fallen into a sleep so deep that he had lost the sense of life which is keen and quick when a man feels his immortality. He cared for nothing but forgetfulness; so far had the iron of the futility of thought and knowledge and effort entered into his soul.

The irony of life never seemed so poignant and piercing as when he caught the faint echoes of the old songs of his youth, the ghostly cheers that had rung around his early achievements and had become

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mocking echoes of labors which brought no gain and applause, which lay in the ear for a moment and then dissolved in that appalling silence in which at last all human cries and songs are hushed. It was a dead past which lay behind him; a path through a desert without bloom or shelter or the shadow of trees in which birds rest and sing; the desolate and solitary way of a lonely man through a world which always bloomed as he advanced and withered as he stretched out his hand to grasp its offerings.

Tired as he was to the verge of extinction, he had not wholly lost the remembrance of the energy which once sent him with vigorous step along the ascending way, of the high things which summoned him from their inaccessible fastnesses, of the steady and unbending purpose which kept him to his task. He had set himself to go alone to the end of the journey; to break all bonds which held him in place among his fellows that he might follow

"Knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

Others might be content with nearer and lesser things; he gave himself to the remoter and greater ends. Others might carry the common burdens and share the common fortunes; his way led him apart from the crowd to some remote and solitary place where the mystery of the universe would suddenly disclose itself in cloud and fire and splendor unspeakable; a fate too large and terrible for any save those who had taken the path of solitude and lonely watching of sun and star in the awful silence of space.

There had been a time when the hopes that men cherish had knocked at his heart, and more than once he had struggled long before he barred the door. But the path lay before him, and he who walked in must be free of hindrances. In those earliest years love had held him for a moment with eyes that looked into his strangely sorrowful, and had walked a little way with him, not pleading, but with a touch on his hand so full of pity that his pride flung it aside. There was no room for such companionship on that narrow path; no smoothness for such tender feet on that rough highway. What had he to do with love whose heart was set on knowledge? In those first years voices had often called to him as he passed, imploring his aid, and sometimes through his growing self-absorption the anguish in these voices had reached his heart and stung the old human sympathies into life; but he looked up at the far heights and hardened his heart and passed on resolute and unshaken. The morning was already moving toward noon; why should he waste the hours that were to carry him to the goal? What claim had common souls, content with the small gains and losses of life, with love and the prattle of children and the cheer of friendship, on one who sought the highest and the remotest secret of life? They were content with the hour; he would accept nothing less than the full content of eternity.

Long ago love had left him; long ago men had ceased to call upon him for help as he passed swift and unswerving on his way. And the way had grown more silent and solitary, until nothing was audible save the touch of his own foot, and he had no companionship save his own thought. He had broken every tie, discarded every hindrance; and freedom had brought him measureless weariness and a passionate longing for death!

He had learned much by the way, and that wisdom of old age was his which had been distilled, drop by drop, out of disillusion and despair—that wisdom which is often called knowledge of life, but which is really knowledge of death. What had been born of the man's long travel was the knowledge of himself. The world about him was so vast that as he scanned it there seemed neither measure nor limit; but it was hard, barren, dead to the uttermost verge. The order which pervaded it was the rigid regularity of death; no seed was germinating in the soil, no egg was brooded over in any nest, no throat was swelling with its song, no sap was rising in any tree; vastness there was and sublimity, but it was without the speech of beauty; for the soul of the man was dead, and saw only its own desolation. Long ago the power of vision had faded within him, and he saw only the shell of things: the secret was farther from him than when he set out on his journey! He had gained knowledge, but without love there is neither wisdom nor life.

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Lenten Meditations

The Day of Judgment

Every day is a day of judgment. Christ's fan is in his hand, and he is separating the chaff from the wheat. The Son of man has already come, and before him are gathered all people, and he is separating the sheep from the goats. We are taking our places, each one selecting his own, and we know it not. We classify ourselves by various artificial and temporal distinctions—as rich and poor, laborer and capitalist, employer and employed, cultured and ignorant, white and black; and all the time we are sorting ourselves unconsciously by the only real, eternal distinction, that of character. The rifts and chasms in society are shallow and superficial; the fellowships of society are apparent and temporary. Virtue and vice, honor and shame, probity and corruption, live side by side in the same street, shoulder against each other in the same tenement, work together in the same political party, chat together in the same club, kneel together in the same church. It is better so; for only so can virtue and honor and probity do anything for the world's redemption. But all the time the great gulf is imperceptibly increasing between them—the gulf which presently will become impassable. And all the time He sees, He knows, He understands.

And when the Comforter is come, he will convince the world of sin, because they have not had faith in me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

Christ convinces the world of sin. The great picture judges the two men who stand before it. Their judgment of the picture is the picture's judgment of them. The great symphony judges the two hearers who sit side by side apparently listening to it. What one hears the other does not hear. In their judgment of the music they reveal their own musical capacity. The measure of our appreciation of Christ is the measure of our own character. Faith in Christ is not faith in what the Church has said about Christ; that is faith in the Church. Faith in Christ is understanding him, appreciating him, loving him. Both his friends and his foes thought that Christ was put on trial in the court of Caiaphas and before the judgment-seat of Pilate. They were mistaken. He was the Judge; Caiaphas and Pilate were brought before him for trial. He uttered no sentence; they adjudged themselves, and wrote the sentences so clearly that all the world has read them ever since. Each actor in that tragedy unconsciously announced his own judgment of condemnation or approval on himself:—John—I am a loyal friend; Peter—I am a cowardly disciple; Judas—I am a despicable traitor; Caiaphas—I am an unscrupulous ecclesiastic; Pilate—I am a trimming politician. Still the vociferous tragedy of life is enacted while Christ stands silent by. Without word or movement he compels iniquity to tear the mask from its countenance, and the treacherous follower, and the cowardly friend, and the ambitious ecclesiastic, and the trimming politician appear as what they really are, silhouetted in their hideous blackness against his luminous judgment presence.

Christ convicts the world of sin because he is the revealer of righteousness. Not by what he says, but by what he is, he condemns the world. His life is the standard for all life; his character is the measure for all characters. The world instinctively accepts him as the only measuring-rod. Not the Bible, but Christ, is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. His utterances are the rule by which all other utterances are to be measured; his character is the standard by which all other characters are to be tested. By him we measure Abraham and David and Isaiah and Paul no less than Gregory VII. and Martin Luther and Oliver Cromwell and John Wesley. By his utterances we measure the Books of Deuteronomy and of Leviticus no less than the Puritan code of morals and the Roman Catholic canons. Not "God is a man of war," but "Our Father which art in heaven," is the rule of faith. Not Paul before Ananias, but Christ before Caiaphas; not "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," but "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" is the rule of practice.

By Christ is the prince of this world judged. Betrayed, denied, forsaken, convicted, executed—his death draws all men unto him. His defeat is his victory. Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate, crown him

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with glory and honor. Death entombs him only to make him the Lord and Giver of life. All the forces of evil league together—treachery, cowardice, forms of law, mob violence, cunning malice, brutal stupidity; against them all is one unfriended man, his character his only armor, his God his only ally. And he is conqueror and more than conqueror. Wickedness is folly and weakness; righteousness is wisdom and strength: this is the lesson of Passion Week; this is the lesson which history is continually repeating. Napoleon is wrong: God is not on the side of the strong battalions. Frederick Douglass is right: one with God is a majority.

Every day is a day of judgment. Every day Christ's fan is in his hand; every day he is separating the chaff from the wheat.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XII.

May 12.

THIS is the third time I have been in St. Peter's to-day. Mass was being said in one of the chapels, which was crowded to and beyond the doors, so that my companions made no attempt to enter. But I had long anticipated joining in such a service with fellow-worshipers of the Christ whom we both love and endeavor loyally to follow; for I thought that the spiritual atmosphere of this ancient church would deepen my reverence for God and broaden my fellowship with my fellow-men. I have joined gladly and heartily in the silent services of Friends, in the emotional services of Methodists, in the historic and orderly services of the Episcopalians, in the simple and unornate ritual of Congregationalists, and in one with as much spiritual help as in another. And I had looked forward to a special impulse from a service in St. Peter's, though conducted in a ritual I could not understand; for understanding is not necessary to fellowship in worship. I easily and quietly worked my way in a few moments through the outer row of mere sightseers with their Baedekers in hand and got into the inner circle of the pious pilgrims. So long as I looked at them I could realize and share in their service, though it did not seem like a very deep or enduring feeling; but when I looked away from them to the priests, I could discern no reverence at all. There were three or four officials at the altar, attended by their acolytes; the seats in the chapel were all occupied by ecclesiastics of various degrees, from two or three cardinals, designated by their red caps, to simple priests. During parts of the service they responded together in a sing-song tone to the sing-song tones of the officiating priest; at other times they were reading in the devotional book as though they were taking this time to go through certain pages prescribed by their rules; or were looking about the chapel with a gaze as devoid of any appearance of spiritual interest as that of the Baedeker sightseers. In general, their appearance betokened, not hypocrisy, but pure formalism; and their ceremonial performance to have about the same relation to piety that court etiquette does to love. There were two or three priests whose faces were expressive of intellectual or spiritual life, or both, though I recall only one which was so at all eminently; but in general they were stolidly inexpressive, while a few were distinctively gross and sensual looking. There were no seats in the chapel except for the priests; the worshipers stood or knelt; the music was fairly good, but not extraordinary. I mean to come to another service on some Sunday, when perhaps there will be more worshipers and fewer sightseers, and I can come early and get from the beginning into the spirit of the service.

St. Peter's itself disappoints me. Why? Its approach is imposing; so would be its interior, if the authorities had not interfered with the simple design of its great architect. But they have done what they could to spoil its sublimity by despoiling it of its simplicity. The massive pillars are ornamented with what I suppose to be winged cherubs, and they suggest classical cupids, and they are draped from top to bottom with hideous red hangings put up, I believe, to celebrate some church

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festival, I know not what; even the statues of heroic size at the far corners of the dome attempt to be impressive only by being big. There is but one piece of statuary in the church that impresses me as really artistic—the monument to Clement XIII. by Canova, on the right-hand side of the church. Even the Pietà of Michael Angelo, with the Christ held in the lap of Mary, does not seem worthy of the great sculptor. There is only one point where the effect on the imagination is what Michael Angelo meant it should be; it is obtained by standing under the dome and looking directly up into it. Then the cupids and the red trouserings of the pillars disappear, and even Bernini's statues are lost to sight, and there is an impression of immensity which I can compare to nothing but to that which sometimes overcomes one in looking up to the starlit dome above him on a clear night.

May 14.

I have been looking over Symonds's life of Michael Angelo, and I confess myself glad to find that my own impression respecting what are St. Peter's characteristically impressive features is confirmed by what he says. "St. Peter's," he says, "is vast without being really great, magnificent without touching the heart, proudly but not harmoniously ordered. The one redeeming feature in the structure is the cupola; and that is the one thing which Michael Angelo bequeathed to the intelligence of his successor. The curve which it describes finds no phrase of language to express its grace. It is neither ellipse, nor parabola, nor section of a circle, but an inspiration of the creator's fancy. It outsoars in vital force, in elegance of form, the dome of the Pantheon, and the dome of Brunelleschi (at Florence) upon which it is actually modeled." And Symonds quotes an unnamed English critic as saying that "internally the sublime concave of this immense dome is the one redeeming feature of St. Peter's." This is stronger language than I should use; St. Peter's seems to me to be not without grandeur, though perplexing to the observer for its lack of harmony.

May 16.

I have now spent three mornings in the Vatican galleries; one of them in the gallery of sculpture, one in the Sistine Chapel and adjoining apartments, and one in the picture gallery. It would be useless to attempt to record here impressions in detail; I have underlined in my Baedeker special sculptures and special pictures and frescoes, and this will serve to supplement my diary. I am impressed with the generosity of the Vatican in throwing open all its treasures to the public. There is a moderate charge for admission to the gallery of sculpture, but the picture gallery, the Sistine Chapel, and the apartments are free. It is not easy for one who is born and bred a Protestant and a Puritan to define exactly what is the relation between these galleries of art and the functions of the Church; perhaps this zeal to define everything with exactitude is a mistaken one. But I am sure that it is impossible to estimate the effect on the human race of throwing open to the whole world these art treasures. It is true that a considerable number of those who go to these galleries really see nothing, and there are those who use them merely as a convenient place to meet and gossip with friends; but I am inclined to believe that the proportion of interested observers to indifferent sightseers in the Vatican is quite as great as the proportion of serious worshipers to indifferent sightseers in St. Peter's. Yesterday morning we fell in with a very courteous attendant in the Borgian apartments who spoke French, and, finding us interested, gave us a good deal of information not in the guide-books. He pointed out to us two portraits of the same face—Lucretia Borgia; in the one case she was presented as a fine lady in her court robes; in the adjoining fresco she was made to do duty as Saint Somebody—I forget who. It struck me as a curious illustration of the relation, or rather lack of relation, between ethics and religion in the Middle Ages that Lucretia Borgia should have been selected by a court painter to serve as a saint, and this on the walls of the palace of the Holy Father. To-day I have been sitting for half an hour before Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration; it is the only picture a distinct remembrance of which I have brought away with me from the Vatican picture gallery. The critics, I believe, say that a picture ought not to tell a story, and if that is so they are quite

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right in criticising this picture. It does tell a story, and tells it with wonderful effectiveness. I have never before realized so perfectly how utterly inadequate a photograph is to reproduce a really great picture; for a really great picture I must think the Transfiguration to be, despite the critics, and despite the fact that what it represents never could have occurred—as Raphael represents it.

May 18.

I have been again to service in St. Peter's; this time on Sunday and in ample season, so that there was nothing in our entrance to disturb the devotional feeling. I am sorry to record a repetition of the disappointment experienced at the previous services at San Giovanni and St. Peter's. There was the same air of indifference in the priests, the same mechanical formalism in the service. At one point in the service my companion detected a priest making signs to two fellow-priests to join him at supper after the service was over.

May 20.

I have now visited half a dozen or more of the churches in Rome and have attended four services, and the impression is always the same; it may be expressed by the one word formalism. Comparing the ruins of ancient Rome with the religious services of modern Rome, the first are the remains of a civilization long since departed, the second of forms of a life that still exists, though there is no longer a reason for its existence or an enthusiasm which it expresses; in the Forum one finds the bones of the dead and is inclined to moralize over them as Hamlet does over the skull of Yorick; St. Peter's or San Giovanni reminds the Protestant of an old man living on long after he has lost the inclination, if not the power, to think or act in the present.

Dr. Kennedy, the head of the American College, tells me that all the text-books in Rome are in Latin, and practically all the lectures are given in Latin. The student, therefore, before he can take advantage of the theological courses in Rome, must be familiar with Latin as a means of communication. Why? For two reasons: First, these students come from all over the world—America, England, France, Germany, Greece, etc.—and they have one language in which they all do their studying. The language is one both as a symbol of the unity of the Church and as a means for its preservation. Second, the language is a *dead* language; it does not change; therefore the dogmas expressed in it do not change. The same dogmas are taught as in the fourteenth century, because they are taught in precisely the same linguistic forms. Dr. Kennedy's explanation makes it clear that there is a definite, and it must be added a skillfully devised and well-adapted, endeavor to continue the thought of the Middle Ages unchanged and unadapted to changing conditions either of time, race, or country. This petrifaction extends to everything in the Roman Church as one sees it in Rome. The churches, and there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five, are nearly all mediæval, and when one goes into a modern church he wishes that were mediæval also, for it is but a poor copy of mediævalism. The churches are generally patterned after the old pagan temples; in some cases the pagan temple has been converted, with no great change, into a Christian church. I am inclined to think the Pantheon the most impressive church interior in Rome, and the addition of the unattractive altar and the movable choir gallery are, I believe, the only material changes made in it since it was used for the worship of all the gods. I know too little about the Roman ritual to be certain, but I judge that many of its features are borrowed from the pagan ritual which it at once modified and supplanted, and that substantially it repeats what had been repeated here for some centuries before the Christian era. In all the churches which I have visited the congregations are small; there are few or no seats; the congregation are spectators who stand and look on; even the devout pilgrims are quite apt to bow, to kneel, to join with silent moving lips for ten minutes, and then go about the church or cathedral with their guide, much as a Cook party might do. Of devout-appearing laymen, or rather laywomen, there are not a few—though they are the exception; but I have scarcely seen one priest who appeared to me as though to him the service was the expression of any real devotion.

For my knowledge of the public sentiment in Italy toward the Church, and

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toward religion as it is expressed in the churches, I am dependent on others, of course; but the result of my inquiries in various directions, including some loyal ecclesiastics, is the impression that the prevalent feeling, at least in the cities of Italy, is one of entire indifference, grading off at the one extreme to bitter hostility, and in the other to what I would call a traditional respect. I cannot find out that the Church is doing much for the people. I do not learn of specific philanthropic work like that of the Paulist Fathers in New York, though my opportunities for inquiry have not been many. In general, however, the churches appear to have been built and to be operated for the supposed glory of God, not at all for the benefit of men—except as offering sacrifice for their sins is for their benefit. There is practically no preaching done except during Lent; the churches do not exist for the instruction of the people, or the instruction is remitted almost wholly to the confessional, where it is furnished in private. I am told of a humorous survival of mediævalism in Florence. Bread is no longer distributed by monks at the gates of the churches to the poor; modern philanthropy has learned a better way of caring for the poor. So at one of the Florentine churches food is distributed every noon at the door to the stray cats of the city. The incident is slight, but it illustrates the perpetuation of a custom as a habit after the reason which called it into existence has entirely disappeared. In short, there is about the same relation between the ceremonies of the Roman Church in Rome and mediæval piety that there is between the occasional attempted reproduction in modern times of ancient tournaments or races, and the old spirit of chivalry out of which they grew. The genuineness of the antique is gone, and only its form, sometimes only a travesty of its form, remains.

Sometimes faith and frolic are strangely intermingled. I went to the sacred staircase the other day where Luther heard the voice proclaiming, "The just shall live by faith," and from which he fled to become the leader of a great revolt against this ceremonialism. Some devout pilgrims were going up on their knees, and repeating at every step a prayer; but others were going up on their knees in unmistakably pure fun, and with their laughter ill suppressed. In lieu of a serious faith there is sometimes substituted a credulity which is to me quite incomprehensible. Mr. Reynaud told us in the Forum the other day the legend of Peter and Simon Magus; how the two engaged in a conflict in Rome, how Simon Magus challenged Peter to a flying-match, and Peter accepted the challenge; how, while Simon Magus attempted flight, Peter, kneeling on the stone, prayed that the magician might fail, and the magician fell, broke both his legs, and died. And, continued Mr. Reynaud with a smile, the stones with the impress of Peter's knees are still preserved in yonder church—to which he pointed—and are shown to the faithful. I went in the other day to the Church of St. Peter in Vinculo, which has Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. I had long wanted to see it; no photograph does or can give one any adequate conception of it; it is an embodiment in marble of the majesty of authority. As we sat looking at it and letting the sense of the dignity and worth of divine law grow into our souls, a priest passed us with keys in hand and two visitors accompanying him. He lighted two candles before a kind of cupboard or closet, as a token of reverence, and showed to the tourists or pilgrims—perhaps pilgrim tourists, of whom one sees many in this city—the identical chains with which Peter was bound while a prisoner in Rome. In the Santa Maria Supra Minerva is Michael Angelo's statue of Christ. Ecclesiasticism has put a bronze garment about his loins and a bronze shoe on the one foot which was being worn away by the kisses of fervent pilgrims. A more grotesque effect it would be hard for a caricaturist to contrive.

But it is useless to multiply illustrations. At every step one of a modern spirit is impressed with the anachronism of mediæval forms bereft of the mediæval spirit which gave them dignity, and often marred by modern taste or want of it, producing incongruities which would be ludicrous were they not pathetic. I do not wonder that Luther was made a Protestant by coming to Rome; I rather wonder that any thoughtful man can escape the same result.

L. A.

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THE BOOMERANG BLOCKADE

THE TRUE STORY OF THE VENEZUELAN IMBROGLIO

BY JAMES BARNES

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in Venezuela

FOR the last few months the world has watched the drama in Venezuela—a serio-tragic comedy in three short acts and a postponed epilogue, introduced by a *lever-de-rideau*, to which few people paid any attention, although it lasted some scores of years. The epilogue has yet to be seen and heard, but to those initiated it may prove the most interesting part of the performance, and the supposedly finished comedy may have a serious sequel; already it has begun with a startling introductory that has almost escaped public notice—but all that in time.

The prologue was long, but it might be well to outline it, for it introduces the stage setting in which the play itself revolves. The stage is some six hundred and thirty-three thousand square miles of mountain, valley, plain, and forest; it contains some two million seven hundred thousand people, only a small fraction of whom ever had speaking parts in the long-drawn prologue, and a minority any voice in the chorus. Eighty-six per cent. are of mixed blood, preserving all the characteristics of a mingled ancestry. In seventy-four years there have been no less than one hundred and four revolutions, until it has grown to be the accepted belief that no change in the bill could take place without the accompaniment of gunpowder and sword play. With a monotony that was wearing upon the properties, tiring to the performers, and boring to the beholders and enforced subscribers, the prologue lingered on, until finally there stepped upon the scene a brilliant figure in Guzman Blanco, President, Dictator, and leading man. The melodramatic tableaux ceased for the nonce, and a spectacular production, sparing no expense, succeeded them. Despite the fact that all this time the "Constitution" was in existence, none of the stage managers used it, none of the actors spoke its lines, and few of the supers had any more than heard of it. Guzman Blanco amused himself by ignoring it when he wished to, and juggling with the privileges it accorded to the principals. And, so far as leading rôles are concerned on the stage of Venezuelan politics, he started twenty years and more ago the fashion that holds sway to-day. He gave all his friends and his family the "fattest" parts, and he appointed to the positions of advance agents, ticket-takers, and treasurers only those who accounted to him as sole proprietor and lessee. So he prospered, and in order to arrange for a long run without a change of bill during his lifetime, and to assure that he would not be forgotten by his constituents and posterity, he dressed the stage well. Nature had done generously with the background; he provided smaller accessories, with no little tinsel and much tawdry show. Parks and plazas were decorated with marvelous statues, public buildings were frescoed with crude appeals to fervid patriotism. Heroes lived again in bronze and marble, and the bones of ill-used "patriots" were brought together in a stuccoed pantheon for which the treasury was debited at the cost of Parian marble. He jumbled history, fact, and fiction to produce picturesque results, and incidentally he did much useful good. He advertised and placarded Europe and America, and visitors came to behold, and, beholding, subscribed to the enterprise. For, to provide all the machinery and the luxuries, he had to submit his plans to the bids of alien contractors, and, like many showmen, he had a jovial disregard of debts. Cheerfully he left them as an inheritance to his followers; his methods he bequeathed as a criterion for his lesser imi-

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tators. Upon his departure to Europe to raise more money on promises and privileges, on one occasion the assistant manager whom he had installed at the head of affairs usurped his power, and the company and spectators, angered at non-fulfillment of performances and postponement of salary days, took their wrath out in destroying the decorations. They tore down his prancing statues, obliterated his personal tablets, but perpetuated his name forever in the intangible form of a never-to-be-forgotten personality that will live through tradition, if not in existent monuments. The "illustrious American" has left his impress and will not be forgotten.

Successive would-be managers came and went, fought and jostled each other out of office, subsiding in each case—if they survived—with a large proportion of the contents of the treasury, to a life of ease and retirement in exile. The habit of rewarding the alien contractors, who supplied the machinery and most of the practical and useful conveniences, with promissory notes that were redeemed in words, and the everlasting reference to *mañana,* at last became tedious. There was excuse, however: the rows that broke out behind the scenes absorbed most of the managers' time and distracted their attention from business matters. Slowly it became evident that past obligations would most probably be entirely disregarded, and doubt began to be expressed as to the good faith of future contracts. The creditors began to grow uneasy.

Now, one day in September, 1899, there entered the center of the stage one Cipriano Castro. He had jumped to the front in a more or less spectacular manner. His training for his high office was of the slightest; but he was possessed of courage, a natural ability to endure, and a capacity for seizing opportunities and turning the situation to his best advantage. Through the ups and downs of his own particular revolution he had managed to keep his feet, and, by a sudden and unexpected change in the tactics of his chief military opponent, who, for purely personal reasons, came over bodily with all his troops and ammunition, he was able to march into the capital a victor in his darkest hour. He arrived, if not with the applause of the bystanders, at least with the acquiescence of the only force that might have retarded him.

They say it was a strange sight. Andrade, the President, had fled. The few troops he left behind him were marshaled by their officers and stood for hours in the broiling sun, waiting to salute the conqueror's coming. Into the city at last he marched, followed by a ragtag and bobtail army carrying their yellow flags. Dusty and footsore, they made their way to the Plaza Bolivar and took possession of the Casa Amarilla, the Government house, from the windows of which the women camp-followers, whose name is legion in Venezuela, were soon looking down upon the silent crowds in the streets. There was no disorder, there were no barricades; the citizens accepted matters quietly; there was no rioting; many of the old conservative party who for years had been ciphers in the political figuring hoped for a betterment of conditions, on the old ground that no change could be for the worse. Many prayed that this little dark-skinned ex-clerk, ex-farmer, and small politician would gather about him men who would assist in honestly directing affairs for the furtherance of lasting peace. The foreigners who had invested money hoped that debts would be paid, that collections might be made. and that prosperity, so long forestalled, or at least so continually interrupted, would come at last. No one can tell what might have happened if the old story had not begun again. That very night one of his quondam allies, General Hernandez, marched out of the city with about eight hundred followers and began another revolution. But hard luck attended him; he was defeated, captured, and placed in prison.

No long peace followed, yet people still hoped, and, with that wonderful vitality of the country, spirits, trade, and crops revived perceptibly under the benign influence of this hope alone. The foreigners who had accepted former promises became sanguine again, and gullible. For a short period a roseate hue permeated the commercial atmosphere. There was money, almost plentiful good money in circulation, as there had been at times before; luxuries that could be purchased on credit went with a rush, for Venezuelans are a good deal like children in their ideas of cash when they have it, and

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credit when it can be obtained. If they could purchase something by promising to pay for it the next day, it was an opportunity not to be missed; if they did not have to pay for it until next week, they would order it for their family, and if not till next month they would cheerfully subscribe and scatter it broadcast among their friends.

So the markets improved a little; the Government, hastily taking advantage of exchanging concessions, in some cases for payment and in others for future and assured benefits, grew gay and careless. Plantations began to promise returns in coffee and cocoa and sugar. Many of the wealthier Venezuelans had bought stock in foreign companies, for there was no venture in the way of modern progress and development that did not bear the stamp of foreign ownership and management. The Government attempts to build works of public service, to control and to maintain them, had proved utter failures. The railroads were English or German, the water-works Belgian, the telephone lines American or English, the tramways English and German, the breweries German entirely, the harbor improvements English, the cable French, and three-fourths of the concessions for mining and the products of the great forests were owned in Europe.

But the budget, that wonderful and coveted fetich that is the desired possession of the Venezuelan politicians, *that* belonged to the Government! To collect it, to administer it, and to pocket it, had been their particular business. Their tariff was peculiar—there were duties on diamonds and literature by the pound; the latter, being something of a luxury, perhaps, suffered most, because books are heavy; flour and necessities doubled and tripled in cost by the time they passed the customs, and to even matters up exports were taxed also, and the process of strangling the goose now began with a vengeance. Bills and claims accumulated, payment of interest on government paper lapsed, pledges and assurances were ignored and practically repudiated, especially if made by former administrations.

Soon the old excuse of "trouble enough at home" began; revolutions reared their heads—eight had happened in five years. Hardly a penny was spent for public improvements, but Ministers and officials rolled in fine carriages and maintained large establishments. The Government held on, for it had the best generals, one to every hundred men or less; it controlled most of the ammunition and the naval equipment of a few small converted yachts and cheap gunboats, so that it could transport easily troops along the seaboard, and keep possession of the harbors. The short-lived hope of peace began to die.

The Venezuelans themselves were the chiefest sufferers, but they had stood the yoke so long that their necks were callous. The disgruntled foreigners on the spot, and the stockholders abroad, began to talk of a "get-together" club. The ideas of their Ministers began to reach the home governments, and Germany and England, being the most interested, talked together. But their reasons for any action were diverse. Germany had obtained a foothold in a way that England had not. Her people had gone heavily into the plantation business, had loaned money in all directions, and ambition and cupidity had both been aroused. England wanted no more land—for Heaven knows she had enough scattered about the world at large; but the Kaiser cast covetous eyes upon the broad and smiling country. The Germans were unpopular with the people on account of their manner and far-reaching business methods. It was all for Germany and the Germans. The English were more unpopular with the Government, maybe from the inheritance of the feeling that had existed during the boundary dispute, and positively just then on account of the unpopularity and lack of tact of the British Minister, Mr. Haggard, a letter from whom to his home office had come into Castro's possession. It had spoken slightingly of the Venezuelan character, and had advocated thoroughly the importance of encouraging Italian immigration. There is no doubt that he was rudely treated by Castro and some of the members of his Cabinet, which did not tend to brighten his further reports. Rumors of a coalition began to grow, and the President in private gave vent to utterances that, repeated publicly, had the note of defiance. His advisers began to read carefully the doctrine of Monroe,

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and talk for a purpose of its sheltering protection.

Germany did not like the Monroe Doctrine; she never had liked it; there is no doubt that, with England's aid, she would have been glad to test its power. And the British were deceived, not only by the mistaken ideas of the situation, but by Teutonic diplomacy. It is fair to believe that they accepted the representations made that, should a display of force be shown, the Venezuelans would back down, and Castro himself seek terms at once. This is at least an amiable conclusion. For that England wished to try the temper of the American people is now a discarded idea, in view of the expressions of her press and the utterances of her public men. But Germany had another iron in the fire.

General Manuel A. Matos, the leader of the revolution, had a pro-German leaning. He hated Americans as he hated the English. A wealthy man and a survivor of the old Blanco régime, it would be for Germany's profit that his revolution should succeed. To be successful a revolution needs arms, ammunition, and money. Generally speaking, with this combination men are forthcoming, and the successive moves on the chessboard of military politics are bound to be easy. Germany could aid the revolution, and, despite denials, it is believed in Caracas that she did so!

But the little President at the Palace of Miraflores did not weaken. He appeared more angry than frightened, and yet, withal, he smiled. The revolutionists, although badly beaten in the battle of La Victoria in November, were still under arms and the dangerous fire was smoldering. President Castro saw in the situation a chance to do away with a threatening near-by trouble, and let foreign relations shift to the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. He grew more diffuse in his explanations, and, perhaps, defiant in his attitude. At the same time he was preparing a manifesto that he hoped would gather the malcontents under his flag—at an appeal to patriotism and in response to a call to defend the land from the invader! But, as will be seen, things did not work out the way he thought they would. Political allegiance was stronger than love of country, and that alone is one of the indices to the hopelessness of the present hour. During the whole of the past trouble there has been no concrete representation of the voice of the Venezuelan Republic.

On December 7 the German and English Ministers left at the private residence of Mr. Baralt, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, their demands for the settlement of their claims, which in subsequent correspondence have been termed ultimatums. The usual evasive reply was followed by the Ministers' mysterious departure from the capital the next day, and their embarkation on their respective war-ships. Then there was consternation! The German and English subjects were arrested by the wholesale and thrown into prison. What rioting took place was much exaggerated in the press accounts, and confined in the main to shouts and marching. For once Castro appeared to be popular, owing to the puff of patriotism in the city.

But now the representative of the United States took a hand in the little game. He was burdened with responsibilities enough, but Herbert W. Bowen was not afraid to assume others. With Mr. Russell, the Secretary and Chargé-d'affaires, whose knowledge of the people was of great assistance, he demanded the release of all the prisoners. It was immediately granted, and they all could have stayed in the country, as many of them did, unmolested. But highly colored stories got abroad and an exodus followed.

And now the American representative found himself in a most peculiar position; not only was he acting German Minister, English Minister, and soon to be Italian, for Baron de Riva followed suit with his demand and ultimatum on the 11th of the month and left the country on the 17th, but he was the representative of Holland also, owing to the absence of the Dutch Minister. He represented, too, the Government of Colombia, owing to the death of the latter's representative. And, strangely, and moreover by the force of circumstances, he found himself legal and military adviser to the Venezuelan Government! Thinking that perhaps the allies might contemplate an immediate landing, he was asked and gave his opinion as to the posting of Venezuelan forces of resistance, and found that through him the Government looked to America for help and practical consolation. No man ever occu-

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pied so unique a position. Never was there such a need for the unbiased and absolutely uncolored truth to be submitted to the governing powers at home; never was a display of tact so called for.

Three great countries were getting ready to stiffen their muscles over an apparently small question that they did not understand. It would have taken very little to have started the ominous growling of irritated attention, and change it to the leap of anger. No force could land without obtaining possession of South American property, whether to be held permanently or not is beside the question, and there stood the Monroe Doctrine, with all its elasticity of construction—a bar to the indifference of the United States. With England at her side, the inference is that Germany was intentionally reckless of results. But the English bulldog fighting spirit was hardly ruffled; the blowing up of one of her vessels or the killing of some of her marines would have changed this instantly, and to Mr. Bowen thanks may be given that the opportunity for no such contingency arose. Seeing that the blockade had progressed no further than the occupancy of harbor waters and the seizure of the helpless little fleet of nondescripts, he counseled, urged, and insisted upon the withdrawal of all attempts to resist the mere floating presence of the formidable foes. Even the troops in the mountain passes were withdrawn, and, except for the idleness at shipping centers, the life and manners of the Venezuelans continued as if nothing unusual was on foot. Nothing unusual, truly, for, despite Castro's hopes and the publication of his appeals and manifestoes, the revolution pursued its course. The release of General Hernandez, the leader of the Nationalist party, from prison, had caused some little excitement that had subsided without a ripple, and the honest old war-horse, from his semi-retirement, counseled his followers to show loyalty and to hide their feelings.

Castro had made a bad blunder in exercising the Czar-like powers of a presidential dictator in sending foreign residents to prison; but the foreign residents themselves, who remained, soon began to fear that their own Governments had made a worse one. A few influential German firms attempted to persuade their Government to abandon its course of action, and, to show the extent of German interest, one firm (Blohm & Co.) has over $10,000,000 invested in the country. Many prophesied ruin of German interests. Up to this time there had been no conflict, and not a lanyard on board any of the ships whose threatening guns commanded the little mud-built towns had been pulled. But in the port of Puerto Cabello the British merchant vessel Topaze lay at the dock, and when the orders had come to arrest British and German subjects her captain and crew were taken and placed in the prison cells of the fortress. The crowd that had boarded the vessel hauled down the flag, and, uncontrolled by the police, indulged themselves in some ransacking, but they helped themselves to little of value. After the release of the prisoners on December 13, Captains Montgomerie of the Charybdis, and Riede of the German cruiser Vineta, addressed a formal complaint, the English officer insisting that the representative of the Venezuelan Government at the port should make an *amende honorable* in the way of a written apology; if not, the combined fire of both ships would be directed at the fort at five o'clock in the afternoon. While what happened threatened to be the hinge upon which affairs might take a serious turn, no one can look at the facts as they actually happened without a sense of amusement. The civil chief, Vicente Mora, read the note and put it in his pocket. Five o'clock meant any time, seeing that it was a few hours off, and any time meant mañana. So he neglected to inform the military commander, and went up into the town to a café. Time wore on and no reply came. But notice was sent to the forts through the kind offices of the American Vice-Consul, who knew that Anglo-Saxons are generally prompt when they promise, with closed fist, to hit anything, and the military commander removed the civil and military prisoners and the troops from the fortress across the little stretch of water to the town. Señor Mora was found at last and informed of the passing of time, and about ten minutes before five he prepared what might, by a stretch of friendly imagination, be termed an apology. With the American Vice-Consul and the Italian Consul the little party repaired to the

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water's edge and frantically signaled to the vessels lying out in the harbor, whose guns were being carefully trained on the old mass of Spanish masonry that had taken so many long years to build. It lacked but two minutes of firing time, and their efforts to attract attention were unseen. Promptly at five the first gun was fired. And then until dark the ships divided their attention between the fort at the harbor mouth and the castello on the brow of the hill half a mile inland. Mortar flew, a few stones and bricks were tossed about, and there was a deal of powder burnt. People in the town were at first much excited, and then gathered to witness the target practice. The next day parties landed and with dynamite attempted to complete the work of destruction. They destroyed a few of the old guns which had been directed and used, in former revolutions, mostly against the town, and they smashed up things generally, but, after spending half a ton or more, they must have given up in despair, for when the writer visited the fort on the 14th of January it was far from destroyed, and a few weeks' hard work would put it in shape again, except for the fact that the secret of the old Spanish adamantine mortar is all but lost. The excitement of this day lasted in the capital for some sixty hours, and then went the way of other such outbreaks of feeling—people stopped thinking about it.

On the 18th of December the blockade was formally declared existent. La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, Carupano, Cumana, Maracaibo, and the mouths of the Orinoco were guarded. But two ports, Tucacas and Coro, were not included in the blockade. The latter was an important one in the German field of operations. It was in the hands of the revolutionists, and for weeks it remained open and vessels could enter and leave it at will! When the British Admiral arrived upon the scene, he ordered a vessel there, and the revolutionists' steady stream of supplies stopped for a time.

But how about affairs at the capital? Nothing had changed. There was for a long time no shortage of any commodity; the shoe did not pinch at first. The band played in the Plaza Bolivar on Thursday and Sunday nights, and on New Year's Day the trees and houses were decorated with flags, rows of Japanese lanterns stretched from branch to branch, and at the hour of midnight the careless, happy-go-lucky Venezuelans threw themselves into one another's arms in the national salutation, and wished one another a happy New Year, as if nothing had ever taken place, and as if nothing ever would, except music, good cheer, and rejoicing. The little half-ragged, half-gorgeous soldiers from the mountains looked on stolidly, and the dark-skinned and really efficient police force, which, odd to relate, has no political affiliation and does not figure in revolutions, patrolled the streets on the lookout for the too exuberant man with the ready revolver. As every third citizen carries one of these about him generally, and on New Year's is wont to let fly up into the air or anywhere, the police curtailed this form of enjoyment. There no doubt were some Englishmen and Germans in the crowd. Accidents happen at such times. Long before this all the influential merchants, Venezuelans (including one American and a few foreigners), to the number of two hundred or more, had united in a letter to President Castro asking that Mr. Bowen be appointed, with full power, to arrange the Anglo-German question. All of the newspapers in the city, which of course are but Government mouthpieces, took on a pro-American flavor. "America para los Americanos!" was the cry everywhere. The case as it stood was most strongly misrepresented. In a lively cartoon Minister Bowen was made to represent a bull-fighter tempting the bull, labeled "The Alliance," to charge, while Uncle Sam stood by holding and ready to let slip a huge canine that could have taken the bull in at a gulp. The traditional figure that represented America, his high hat and chin-whiskers, was everywhere regarded and hailed as "El Salvador"—they even pushed the simile to the verge of the sacrilegious.

Signs that had any reference to "Allemania" were taken down or painted out, and "America" took their place. No feeling at all seemed manifested against England, however, and German goods alone appeared to be boycotted. But slowly the shoe began to pinch a little. It was shown at first in a rise in prices. The days of flour and coal supply were

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numbered. The numbers of unemployed and ill-fed people increased, and beggary grew more frequent. More and more Venezuela grew to be "the corpse that laughs."

Foreign relations were proceeding with many hitches. The news that the President of the United States had at first refused to act as arbiter was received with some surprise, and the belief that the whole proceeding would be submitted to The Hague was met with different comments. The Germans were rather pleased, for, as it had always been customary in courts of international decision to grant temporary or perpetual possession of land as guarantee for debts or treaty obligations, they argued that the United States could not well refuse to go back upon the findings of the Court in such a case, and that the Monroe Doctrine would get its final test, and that its quietus or a war would follow.

But Minister Bowen came once more to the front. It was necessary that Venezuela should have a representative who could appear out of the country, and whose utterances and assurances would have the weight of good faith and intention, and, besides, a capacity for the fulfillment of obligations. Search high or low, there was no such man! Castro was wise enough to see it. And it was so brought about that the offer was made to Mr. Bowen himself, and, as all the world knows, he accepted, with the result that the present dispute was ended, if not without hitches and some bitter feeling, at least without bloodshed. It was a strange sight—his departure. Castro was at the station with some members of his Cabinet, in their high hats and gray frock coats. An American bystander remarked that the platform had the appearance of "Haverly's coming to town."

A few of the Germans and Italians were worried that the big American Minister should leave, taking with him his calm reassuring presence, for many nervous people believed that it was his sheltering arm alone that kept them from murder or assassination. But he left behind an able lieutenant in Mr. Russell to carry on his multifarious duties, as shall be seen.

The Government itself was very hard up; the budget had not been paid, and it is very expensive being a Minister in Venezuela. Although it is not always incumbent upon any Cabinet member to pay his debts to butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker promptly, and it is absolute disloyalty on the latter's part to enforce collection, it is nice to have money to jingle in one's pocket, and, moreover, generals and troops are much influenced in their allegiance by the regularity or the infrequency of pay-day. Sometimes, when unsuccessful or unpopular, generals have been paid and allowed to hold the money for a short time in their hands, and then requested kindly to lend it to the Government back again and receive an I. O. U. But a Venezuelan private with his month's pay in his pocket is a nabob, and nabobs are supposedly contented and not anxious to exchange their position for any more precarious livelihood. They also attract imitators. It was absolutely necessary to obtain ready money to render the army more satisfied and the jingling more musical. Some of the Government people were building houses, and the money they had invested could not be turned into cash. And so the old system of a forced loan was brought into requisition. In the middle of the month of January all the merchants and enterprises in town were taxed at a rate suggested by a friend of the Government who was supposed to know just what pressure each one might bear without bursting. It was put in the form of a popular and patriotic contribution. The man who so imagines it must be graced with a sense of humor.

Venezuela is, fortunately for all concerned, on a gold basis. Owing naturally to the condition of affairs, the Bank of Caracas and the Bank of Venezuela had little or no money to put out at interest. They had wisely refused to loan the Government any more upon its paper—in fact, they did not have it—and for a few days after the refusal the Bank of Caracas and the Bank of Venezuela were in almost a precarious position. But the public belief in their solvency, backed by the wise and patient attitude of the prominent merchants, saved the day, and the credit of both institutions was sustained. The value of their bank notes never deteriorated, yet at one time they would change but small amounts into gold or silver. Many of the business houses found it impossible to meet the full amount of the exacting

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forced payment. On the ground that one could not get blood out of a stone, they appealed to the powers that were imposing on them, with the result that they paid only as little as they could, and the Government squeezed out just as much as it could get. One or two big stores suspended business. Others, by means of friends at court, had the assessments materially reduced; in one case a company that was living a hand-to-mouth existence, and whose stocks were held mostly in England, offered the Government all it had in the treasury, namely $250, in place of the original amount of $4,000. With the condescending gratitude that goes with the expression, "Every little helps," the Government accepted it, but then, regretting this, decided to renew its demands or force the company, a poorly paying tramway line, to shut down. This would have thrown a large number of employees out of work and necessitated the sending out to pasture of a large number of mules and horses. No doubt they would have been acceptable to the revolutionists, or to the Government itself for that matter, which would probably have had the first opportunity to commandeer them. But, owing to the intercession of the American representative again, the little project of spite was not carried out, and the Transvia continued in operation.

What personal popularity the President had gained began to dwindle. Upon the dead walls of the city, in many cases, appeared the legends "Abajo Castro!" or "Mora Castro!" and no one took the trouble or the interest to obliterate them. When the President drove or rode abroad, followed by two or three mounted but ununiformed guards, he attracted no attention. I have seen him travel the length of a long street and no one lift his hat. Perhaps at a corner some people might gaze after him and whisper, but the head of the Government, beleaguered at the seacoast by the vessels of two great powers, and slowly being hemmed in by the advancing cordons of the revolution, created no show of sympathy or loyalty. The two regiments of Andinos—as alien to the citizens of Caracas as if they were from a foreign shore—held the city in subjection; and the departure and return of the various bodies of marching men, a third of whom were not men, but little boys of fifteen, created hardly a stir. Wan, wounded soldiers, who had kept their feet or legs, and thus managed to bring themselves back from the battlefields, excited neither pity nor interest. The Government reports of their own successes and the movements of their opponents were garbled and distorted. Only those possessed of secret information whispered it among themselves. The publication of a little news-sheet, devoted simply to cable and telegraphic information, was suspended for disloyal utterances. For some time Caracas knew nothing of what was going on in the outside world. Slowly the pall of hopelessness and despair grew heavier and heavier.

There was no spending money. The cafés were all but deserted. The farcical attempts at bull-fights were so ill-attended that they were abandoned. In the cheap little gambling-houses men risked pennies where they had once risked pesos. The weekly lottery was forced to suspend for lack of patronage. Families of the better class who owned big houses with wide, flowery patios found themselves devoid of any support at all. Social gayety ceased. Men actually starving sat in the sun, dejected and helpless. Yet there was no great uprising, no outcry, and no unusual signs of widespread suffering or discontent. It is a Venezuelan characteristic to accept things as they come, and from long practice to make the best of them as they may exist. Out in the country the coffee plantations were in a deplorable state. The trees, laden with berries, had not been picked; owing to the depleting revolution labor was hard to get, and it was a moot question whether it would pay to gather and ship the crops or not. The pueblo lived on fruits and what the people could gather from the ground. The trains of pack animals grew fewer and fewer. Railway traffic fell away to nothing.

But the band played on Thursdays and Sundays, and the usual crowd of men in evening dress, women in silks and satins, and peons in clean duck suits, gathered in the plaza to listen. For, despite the fact that there is a popular superstition that too much bathing of the body tends to weakness and ill health, the Venezuelan attempts to keep his clothes clean and to

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present a respectable appearance. The lines of washerwomen bordering the soap-impregnated little streams did not appear to grow less. It was the only industry that was unaffected by outside circumstances.

The outgoings and the incomings of the Government forces increased in number and varied in direction. Soon telephonic communication with outlying towns ceased, and it was known that the revolutionists had possession of places within a day's march of the capital. But the victories of Castro's generals in highflown language appeared in the papers, and the *status quo* of military affairs was hard to determine. Friends of the Matos party even predicted the day and exact hour at which he would enter the capital. The affair at Maracaibo, where the fort replied or opened fire upon the German cruiser, passed by with scarcely a flutter. The little President at Miraflores appeared outwardly undisturbed; the revolution concerned him more, and it would have been safe to venture that had the opposing army arrived, they would have found him (for they fight, these little brown soldiers) with the last forlorn hope defending the last barricade. His adherents say that he and his followers have not had an opportunity to do any more than fight, that his endeavors to keep himself and his party in power have absorbed all his money, time, and attention. So it may be; but the fact remains that his policy, so much as it can be called a policy, has been and is responsible to-day for much of the ruin, suffering, and death. Whether the cause of personal ambition is worth all this, or whether he would really have done differently from his predecessors if the chance had been offered him, is a mere matter of conjecture and opinion. But the whole inherited system is so rotten, its traditions and methods are so deplorable, that, looking at it from an abstract political standpoint, it is hopeless and impossible. Whether the change can come from the inside or not, of this unhappy land, one cannot say. Only here are all the possibilities: the wonderful climate, the rich fertile soil, the teeming forests and unfound mines, the acres of fallow land and vacant pastures, the veins of useful metals and high-grade coal, wasted waterways and almost abandoned harbors, and a people tired and weary of the everlasting burden, crying for peace and relief from internal war and bloodshed. A people kindly and courteous, honest when they have been untouched by the corrupting wand of politics, and industrious with the usual industry of the tropics, where little work produces much result and nervous energy is considered wasted time.

But to return from this digression. One day there appeared on the little blackboard that leans against the cathedral that fronts the central plaza a short sentence written in chalk. It stated simply that the blockade would be relieved at three o'clock the following day. A few people stopped and read it, and walked on; others followed suit, but no crowd gathered. With the same indifference that had characterized their previous behavior, they discussed the message that would mean so much. But the mercantile houses sighed in relief, and the heads of business projects began to think of the future. Down at La Guayra the idle stevedores stopped fishing for sardines from the pierheads, and plucked up hope. The blockading English vessels made steam and departed, and, without a note of rejoicing, the blockade was a thing of the past! The German vessels, with a disgruntled air, remained anchored in the harbor of Puerto Cabello, but the officers landed and drank beer at the German hostelry, over which their national flag was again floating, the German sailors walked the streets of the town, singly or in pairs, unmolested and almost unnoticed. The last act in the serio-tragic comedy was over. And now to the postponed epilogue!

Under the kindly offices of the traditional figure in striped trousers and the tall beaver hat, the bill-collecting allies had come to terms and withdrawn their men in charge. The demand for immediate payment of sums of money that were not obtainable had been changed to a supervision of the customs, and thirty per cent. of the receipts were to be taken in defrayment of the long-unpaid claims. The few vessels of the Venezuelan navy, renovated and put in order for the first time in years, were turned over to the Government. At least it was intimated to Castro that he could have them if he sent for them, and his reply was comically

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pathetic. "How can I do that?" he replied; "my people cannot walk on the water." So what vessels remained unsunk were sent back to the home ports by the victors of the bloodless war, and with little ceremony the flags were changed. The allies had thrown their stick, but soon they may be dodging its return.

A merchant of prominence sought out a Cabinet Minister. He was not a Venezuelan, but a large shipper and exporter of coffee and other products of the country, cocoa, and hides. He asked if there was any possibility of an increase in the export customs, and was assured there would not be. On the strength of this he made heavy purchases and advanced money to the almost ruined plantation-owners. The German commission houses and planters prepared to gather and ship their crops, for coffee is the real commodity of exchange and the gauge of prosperity. For an instant affairs looked brighter, and then there came a quick dénouement. The Government imposed an added tax on everything that left the country! It was done so quickly that not a single shipload had left a solitary port. Thirty-two per cent., in round figures, was added to the cost of exportation. The foreign merchants, especially the Germans, were once more in despair. That very day over four thousand francs were received at the French cable office for messages canceling the orders for imports. Commission houses refused to advance more money, or to remove even those crops already gathered. Dull despair sank down on every hand.

How much of what does come in will enter through the custom-houses in charge of the Belgian supervisors, no one knows. The Spanish Main is a smugglers' paradise. The illicit entry of goods has gone on for years from Curaçoa. It is rumored that other Governments have winked at this (winking is so easy when it has once become a habit!); and, apropos, some one remarked to the writer that there would soon be a new business house in Venezuela that would not be listed on the Exchange, "Castro & Co., General Importers, Limited." Perhaps he was mistaken, or only facetious, but the question arises with potency and timeliness, Is the trouble over? Has the situation bettered much?

No, and cannot be until the great change comes, whether from inside or from out; not until the soap and water has been used, and the political pipe system flushed and cleansed, and the sluices watched for waste and honest direction of the over flow. Not till the hand of education has taken the child's hand of Venezuela and taught it to write the copy-book maxims that we know so well, and not until those maxims have been impressed upon the public mind and grown into mottoes that will govern the nation's existence. When the epilogue is finished, the world will know the end. Who will speak the last word? when will the curtain drop? What is it tending to? Nations are concerned, although the general public may have lost interest in the news quality of the matter. And let it be known and understood that there, in Venezuela, are wealth and opportunity, and that there a people cry for help.

Pilgrimage

By Arthur Chamberlain

I said unto myself, "My way is barred;
The cliff is high and grim and tempest-scarred."
Yet step by step I mounted it, till, lo,
I felt the free air on the summit blow.

I said unto myself, "My strength is small,
And I am weary and I fear to fall."
And, lo! an angel took me by the hand
And led me safely where I feared to stand.

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THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter I.—The Calling

"The Red Gods make their medicine again."

SOMETIME in February, when the snow and sleet have shut out from the wearied mind even the memory of spring, the man of the woods generally receives his first inspiration. He may catch it from some companion's chance remark, a glance at the map, a vague recollection of a dim-past conversation, or it may flash on him from the mere pronouncement of a name. The first faint thrill of discovery leaves him cool, but gradually, with the increasing enthusiasm of cogitation, the idea gains body, until finally it has grown to plan fit for discussion.

Of these many quickening potencies of inspiration, the mere name of a place seems to strike deepest at the heart of romance. Color, mystery, the vastnesses of unexplored space, are there, symbolized compactly for the aliment of imagination. It lures the fancy as a fly lures the trout. Mattágami, Peace River, Kánanaw, the House of the Touchwood Hills, Rupert's House, the Land of Little Sticks, Flying Post, Conjuror's House—how the syllables roll from the tongue, what pictures rise in instant response to their suggestion! The journey of a thousand miles seems not too great a price to pay for the sight of a place called the Hills of Silence, for acquaintance with the people who dwell there, perhaps for a glimpse of the saga-spirit that so named its environment. On the other hand, one would feel but little desire to visit Muggin's Corners, even though at their crossing one were assured of the deepest flavor of the Far North.

The first response to the red gods' summons is almost invariably the production of a fly book and the complete rearrangement of all its contents. The next is a resumption of practice with the little pistol. The third, and last, is pencil and paper, and lists of grub and duffel, and estimates of routes and expenses, and correspondence with men who spell queerly, bear down heavily with blunt pencils, and agree to be at Black Beaver Portage on a certain date. Now, though the February snow and sleet still shut him in, the spring has drawn very near. He can feel the warmth of her breath rustling through his reviving memories.

There are said to be sixty-eight roads to heaven, of which but one is the true way, although here and there a by-path offers experimental variety to the restless and bold. The true way for the man in the woods to attain the elusive best of his wilderness experience is to go as light as possible, and the by-paths of departure from that principle lead only to the slightly increased carrying possibilities of open-water canoe trips and permanent camps.

But these prove to be not very independent side paths, never diverging so far from the main road that one may dare hope to conceal from a vigilant eye that he is *not* going light.

To go light is to play the game fairly. The man in the woods matches himself against the forces of nature. In the towns he is warmed and fed and clothed so spontaneously and easily that after a time he perforce begins to doubt himself, to wonder whether his powers are not atrophied from disuse. And so, with his naked soul, he fronts the wilderness. It is a test, a measuring of strength, a proving of his essential pluck and resourcefulness and manhood, an assurance of man's highest potency, the ability to endure and to take care of himself. In just so far as he substitutes the ready-made of civilization for the wit-made of the forest, the pneumatic bed for the balsam boughs, in just so far is he relying on other men and other men's labor to take care of him. To exactly that extent is the test invali-

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dated. He has not proved a courteous antagonist, for he has not stripped to the contest.

To go light is to play the game sensibly. For even when it is not so earnest, nor the stake so high, a certain common sense should take the place on a lower plane of the fair-play sense on the higher. A great many people find enjoyment in merely playing with nature. Through vacation they relax their minds, exercise mildly their bodies, and freshen the colors of their outlook on life. Such people like to live comfortably, work little, and enjoy existence lazily. Instead of modifying themselves to fit the life of the wilderness, they modify their city methods to fit open-air conditions. They do not need to strip to the contest, for contest there is none, and Indian packers are cheap at a dollar a day. But even so, the problem of the greatest comfort—defining comfort as an accurate balance of effort expended to results obtained—can be solved only by the one formula. And that formula is, again, *go light*, for a superabundance of paraphernalia proves always more of a care than a satisfaction. When the woods offer you a thing ready made, it is the merest foolishness to transport that same thing a hundred miles for the sake of the manufacturer's trade-mark.

I once met an outfit in the North Woods, plodding diligently across portage, laden like the camels of the desert. Three Indians swarmed back and forth a half-dozen trips apiece. An Indian can carry over two hundred pounds. That evening a half-breed and I visited their camp and examined their outfit, always with growing wonder. They had tent-poles and about fifty pounds of hardwood tent-pegs—in a wooded country where such things can be had for a clip of the ax. They had a system of ringed iron bars which could be so fitted together as to form a low open grill on which trout could be broiled—weight twenty pounds—and split wood necessary for its efficiency. They had air mattresses and camp chairs and oil lanterns. They all had corpulent duffel-bags that would stand alone, and enough changes of clothes to last out dry-skinned a week's rain. And the leader of the party wore the wrinkled brow of tribulation. For he had to keep track of everything, and see that package Number Twenty-eight was not left, and that package Number Sixteen did not get wet; that the pneumatic bed did not get punctured, and that the canned goods did. Besides which the caravan was moving at the majestic rate of about five miles a day.

Now tent-pegs can always be cut, and trout broiled beautifully by a dozen other ways, and candle lanterns fold up, and balsam can be laid in such a manner as to be as springy as a pneumatic mattress, and camp chairs—if desired—can be quickly constructed with an ax, and clothes can always be washed or dried as long as fire burns and water runs, and any one of fifty other items of laborious burden could have been ingeniously and quickly substituted by any one of the Indians. It was not that we concealed a bucolic scorn of effete but solid comfort; only it did seem ridiculous that a man should cumber himself with a fifth wheel on a smoothly macadamized road.

The next morning Billy and I went cheerfully on our way. We were carrying an ax, a gun, blankets, an extra pair of drawers and socks apiece, a little grub, and an eight-pound shelter tent. We had been out a week, and we were having a good time.

Chapter II.—The Science of Going Light

"Now the Four-Way lodge is opened—now the smokers of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes are 'twixt trail and trail they choose."

You can no more be told how to go light than you can be told how to hit a ball with a bat. It is something that must be lived through, and all advice on the subject has just about the value of an answer to a bashful young man who begged from one of our woman's periodicals help in overcoming the diffidence felt on entering a crowded room. The reply read: "Cultivate an easy, graceful manner." In like case I might hypothecate, "To go light, discard all but the really necessary articles."

The sticking point, were you to press me close, would be the definition of the

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word "necessary," for the terms of such definition would have to be those solely and simply of a man's experience. Comforts, even most desirable comforts, are not necessities. A dozen times a day trifling emergencies will seem precisely to call for some little handy contrivance that would be just the thing, were it in the pack rather than at home. A disgorger does the business better than a pocket-knife; a pair of oilskin trousers turns the wet better than does kersey; a camp-stove will burn merrily in a rain lively enough to drown an open fire. Yet neither disgorger, nor oilskins, nor camp-stove can be considered in the light of necessities, for the simple reason that the conditions of their use occur too infrequently to compensate for the pains of their carriage. Or, to put it the other way, a few moments' work with a knife, wet knees occasionally, or an infrequent soggy meal are not too great a price to pay for unburdened shoulders.

Nor, on the other hand, must you conclude that because a thing is a mere luxury in town, it is nothing but that in the woods. Most woodsmen own some little ridiculous item of outfit without which they could not be happy. And when a man cannot be happy lacking a thing, that thing becomes a necessity. I knew one who never stirred without borated talcum powder; another who must have his mouth-organ; a third who was miserable without a small bottle of salad dressing; I confess to a pair of light buckskin gloves. Each man must decide for himself—remembering always the endurance limit of human shoulders.

A necessity is that which, *by your own experience*, you have found you cannot do without. As a bit of practical advice, however, the following system of elimination may be recommended. When you return from a trip, turn your duffel-bag upside down on the floor. Of the contents make three piles—three piles conscientiously selected in the light of what has happened rather than what ought to have happened or what might have happened. It is difficult to do this. Preconceived notions, habits of civilization, theory for future imagination, all stand in the eye of your honesty. Pile number one should comprise those articles you have used every day; pile number two, those you have used occasionally; pile number three, those you have not used at all. If you are resolute and single-minded, you will at once discard the latter two.

Throughout the following winter you will be attacked by misgivings. To be sure, you wore the mosquito hat but once or twice, and the fourth pair of socks not at all; but then the mosquitoes might be thicker next time, and a series of rainy days and cold nights might make it desirable to have a dry pair of socks to put on at night. The past has been x, but the future might be y. One by one the discarded creep back into the list. And by the opening of next season you have made toward perfection by only the little space of a mackintosh coat and a ten-gauge gun.

But in the years to come you learn better and better the simple woods lesson of substitution, or doing without. You find that discomfort is as soon forgotten as pain; that almost anything can be endured if it is but for the time being; that absolute physical comfort is worth but a very small price in avoirdupois. Your pack shrinks.

In fact, it really never ceases shrinking. Only last summer taught me the uselessness of an extra pair of trousers. It rains in the woods; streams are to be waded; the wetness of leaves is greater than the wetness of many rivers. Logically, naturally, inevitably, such conditions point to change of garments when camp is made. We always change our clothes when we get wet in the city. So for years I carried those extra nether garments—and continued in the natural exposure to sun and wind and camp-fire to dry off before change time, or to hang the damp clothes from the ridgepole for resumption in the morning. And then one day the web of that particular convention broke. We change wet trousers in the town; we do not in the woods. The extras were relegated to pile number three, and my pack, already apparently down to a minimum, lost a few pounds more.

You will want a hat, a *good* hat to turn rain, with a medium brim. If you are wise, you will get it too small for your head, and rip out the lining. The felt will cling tenaciously to your hair, so that you will find the snatches of the brush and the wind generally unavailing.

By way of undergarments wear woolen.

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Buy winter weights even for midsummer. In traveling with a pack a man is going to sweat in streams, no matter what he puts on or takes off, and the thick garment will be found no more oppressive than the thin. And then in the cool of the woods or of the evening he avoids a chill. And he can plunge into the coldest water with impunity, sure that ten minutes of the air will dry him fairly well. Until you have shivered in clammy cotton, you cannot realize the importance of this point. Ten minutes of cotton underwear in cold water will chill. On the other hand, suitably clothed in wool, I have waded the ice-water of north country streams when the thermometer was so low I could see my breath in the air, without other discomfort than a cold ring around my legs to mark the surface of the water, and a slight numbness in my feet when I emerged. Therefore, even in hot weather, wear heavy wool. It is the most comfortable. Undoubtedly you will come to believe this only by experience.

Do not carry a coat. This is another preconception of civilization, exceedingly difficult to get rid of. You will never wear it while packing. In a rain you will find that it wets through so promptly as to be of little use; or, if waterproof, the inside condensation will more than equal the rain-water. In camp you will discard it because it will impede the swing of your arms. The end of that coat will be a brief half-hour after supper, and a makeshift roll to serve as a pillow during the night. And for these a sweater is better in every way.

In fact, if you feel you must possess another outside garment, let it be an extra sweater. You can sleep in it, use it when your day garment is soaked, or even tie things in it as in a bag. It is not necessary, however.

One good shirt is enough. When you wash it, substitute the sweater until it dries. In fact, by keeping the sweater always in your waterproof bag, you possess a dry garment to change into. Two handkerchiefs are enough. One should be of silk, for neck, head, or—in case of cramps or intense cold—the *stomach;* the other of colored cotton for the pocket. Both can be quickly washed, and dried *en route.* Three pairs of heavy wool socks will be enough—one for wear, one for night, and one for extra. A second pair of drawers supplements the sweater when a temporary day change is desirable. Heavy kersey "driver's" trousers are the best. They are cheap, dry very quickly, and are not easily "picked out" by the brush.

The best blanket is that made by the Hudson Bay Company for its servants—a "three-point" for summer is heavy enough. The next best is our own gray army blanket. One of rubber should fold about it, and a pair of narrow buckle straps is handy to keep the bundle right and tight and waterproof. As for a tent, buy the smallest shelter you can get along with, have it made of balloon silk well waterproofed, and supplement it with a duplicate tent of light cheesecloth to suspend inside as a fly-proof defense. A seven-by-seven three-man A-tent, which would weigh between twenty and thirty pounds if made of duck, means only about eight pounds constructed of this material. And it is waterproof. I own one which I have used for three seasons. It has been employed as tarpaulin, fly, even blanket on a pinch; it has been packed through the roughest country; I have even pressed it into service as a sort of canoe lining; but it is still as good as ever. Such a tent sometimes condenses a little moisture in a cold rain, but it never "sprays" as does a duck shelter; it never leaks simply because you have accidentally touched its under surface; and, best of all, it weighs no more after a rain than before it. This latter item is perhaps its best recommendation. The confronting with equanimity of a wet day's journey in the shower-bath brush of our northern forests requires a degree of philosophy which a gratuitous ten pounds of soaked-up water sometimes most effectually breaks down. I know of but one place where such a tent can be bought. The address will be gladly sent to any one practically interested.

As for the actual implements of the trade, they are not many, although of course the sporting goods stores are full of all sorts of "handy contrivances." A small ax—one of the pocket size will do, if you get the right shape and balance, although a light regulation ax is better; a thin-bladed sheath-knife of the best steel; a pocket-knife; a compass; a waterproof match-safe; fishing-tackle; firearms, and cooking utensils, comprise the list.

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All others belong to permanent camps, or open-water cruisers—not to "hikes" in the woods.

The items, with the exception of the last two, seem to explain themselves. During the summer months in the North Woods you will not need a rifle. Partridges, spruce hens, ptarmigan, rabbits, ducks, and geese are usually abundant enough to fill the provision list. For them, of course, a shotgun is the thing; but since such a weapon weighs many pounds, and its ammunition many more, I have come gradually to depend entirely on a pistol. The instrument is single shot, carries a six-inch barrel, is fitted with a special butt, and is built on the graceful lines of a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. Its cartridge is the 22 long-rifle, a target size, that carries as accurately as you can hold for upwards of a hundred yards. With it I have often killed a half-dozen of partridges from the same tree. The ammunition is light. Altogether it is a most satisfactory, convenient, and accurate weapon, and quite adequate to all small game. In fact, an Indian named Tawabinisáy, after seeing it perform, once borrowed it to kill a moose. "I shootum in eye," said he.

By way of cooking-utensils, buy aluminum. It is expensive, but so light and so easily cleaned that it is well worth all you may have to pay. If you are alone, you will not want to carry much hardware. I made a twenty-day trip once with nothing but a tin cup and a frying-pan. Dishes, pails, wash-basins, and other receptacles can always be made of birch bark and cedar withes—by one who knows how. The ideal outfit for two or three is a cup, fork, and spoon apiece, one tea-pail, two kettle-pails, and a frying-pan. The latter can be used as a bread-oven.

A few minor items, of practically no weight, suggest themselves—toilet requisites, fly-dope, needle and thread, a cathartic, pain-killer, a roll of surgeon's bandage, pipe and tobacco. But when the pack is made up, and the duffel-bag tied, you find that, while fitted for every emergency but that of catastrophe, you are prepared to "go light."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Coming Religious Problem

By Theodore D. Bacon

IF the question were asked, "What is the coming religious problem?" the answer from many, perhaps most, thoughtful people would be, "The new views about the Bible." And therein the thoughtful people would, I believe, be wrong, provided we take the reply in its ordinary meaning, for the simple reason that this problem has been solved already. If we mean the questions growing out of the newer attitude toward the Bible, we shall undoubtedly be right; but that is by no means the same thing; the one is a question of Biblical interpretation, the other may include every problem under the sun. It is the Biblical problem that we have in mind when the subject is mentioned, and this has been settled very much more than is generally appreciated.

There are three stages in the solution of this problem: first, the investigation; second, the winning over of the leaders; and, third, the obtaining of the general consent. The first is a long process attracting little attention, the second a shorter process attracting more attention, and the last comes with a rush and attracts a great deal of attention. Of these processes, the first is very largely finished. That is what the scholars themselves say, and they are not men to belittle their task.

The second stage of the process is also very nearly completed. We have but to look around us to see the progress it has made. As the younger generation comes forward, it is with practically unbroken ranks as regards this question. Not all go the same length, but practically all accept the general principle and many of the conclusions.

Even the last stage of the process has made greater progress than most of us imagine. For a long time these ideas have been making their way comparatively unobserved among the more intelligent members of the churches, and but little more is needed to make the change practically

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universal. It is like the going out of ice from the river in spring. The sun beats down, and for a long time little change is visible. Then all at once the mass goes out with a rush. This is what we may look for almost any time, and it is time for us to look about us and ask ourselves, "What next?" Some things are sufficiently obvious.

Evidently one of the most pressing needs is the reorganization of the Sunday-school. We cannot go on teaching one point of view from the pulpit and another in the class-room.

A similar problem is to be found in the hymns of the Church. Many of those which have been supposed to be sure of their hold on popular approval for all time no longer make the same appeal to us that they did to a former generation, and the general run of hymns fail to stir us with more than a qualified emotion. There is a great opportunity here for those gifted with the poetic faculty. Hitherto the newer thought has made but little use of it. For liturgical churches it is evident that, some time or other, the same work must be done for the liturgy. The time seems distant, but it may be nearer than we think.

Another evident result of our change of thought is greater progress toward church unity. The newer thinking leaps across denominational barriers as if they were not. Those who accept it find themselves far nearer in thought to those of the same trend in other churches than to the more conservative members of their own body. Such questions as the mode of baptism or apostolic succession vanish from sight, and the only dividing lines are those of organization. Few people realize how much the theory of an infallible Bible, combined with the right of private judgment as to its interpretation, has been a cause of division among Protestants.

Still another evident need is the rewriting of our theological systems on a new basis. The old doctrines must be thoroughly tested and established so far as they hold true on rational grounds. We shall return to this question of systematic theology, but, aside from that, we must acknowledge that the problems thus far stated as the outcome of our change of thought have two characteristics: they deal almost entirely with the intellectual side of the question, and the results to be achieved are largely negative. We get broader views of Bible history and of God's dealing with mankind, and we are relieved from oppressive beliefs, but at the same time the last vestige of absolute authority is taken away, and the individual believer is left very much to his own devices. Besides, the usual means of worship are very greatly affected. Not only the hymns, but the reading of Scripture and even prayer, appeal to us at least in a different way than formerly.

To those who have fought their way through from irrational and oppressive beliefs there is a freedom in the new-found position that is full of exhilaration. We imagine that it is the content of the new that sustains us, whereas it is in reality the sense of victory over the old. Even the rankest unbelief often manifests a very great enthusiasm during the lifetime of its protagonist. But it is a very different thing for those who have been brought up in an atmosphere of unbelief. With them it is no personal triumph over past superstitions, but a matter of course, and as such it always shows itself insufficient. Somehow or other the adherents of such a movement always drift away, and they or their children find their way back into the churches. Their action may not satisfy their reason, but it follows a demand of their lives that is deeper than reason. The great religious problem before us is how to cast out the errors of an outworn creed and yet hold fast to its truths —how to avoid what the Germans call emptying the child out with the bath.

Absolute unbelief is by no means the only attitude toward religious questions that shows the reactionary tendency mentioned; every advance toward what are called more liberal views shows its reaction among those who find something unsatisfying in them. It was so at the Reformation. The Ritualist movement is a similar reaction against the Low Church evangelicalism out of which Methodism took its rise. There are many other instances, but the one that comes nearest to us is the Unitarian movement, which in so many ways resembles the development of the "new theology."

We have in Unitarianism a form of religious belief which ought, apparently, to appeal to every one by its simplicity,

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its reasonableness, and its liberty. It has had for its leaders men of high intellectual, moral, and spiritual character. It has counted in its ranks many of the noblest names in our history; and yet as a popular movement it is a failure. There is a constant inflow from other denominations, but this is offset by a constant reaction, largely toward Episcopalianism, with occasional accessions to Roman Catholicism. The recruits are largely ministers, so that it is said that more than half the Unitarian ministers have come from other denominations. Naturally, those who fall away are mostly from the laity, so that the Unitarian body is to a great degree composed of leaders without followers. Its leaders, moreover, have ceased to expect a great following. They count rather on the influence of Unitarianism on other bodies. This is tantamount to a confession that there is something essential left out of their form of religion. It needs something more than they have to satisfy the human soul.

Here, then, we see the difficulty and danger writ large for us on the face of history. Where is the remedy? Evidently it cannot be in refusing to see the truth. We may sympathize with Cardinal Newman, but we cannot follow him. It must be in the endeavor to see more truth in those things that have been more or less recklessly cast aside in the search for the fundamentals, and the determination to accept nothing that does not submit to the most severe tests.

There is a very evident significance in the trend we have seen among Unitarians toward Episcopalianism and even Roman Catholicism. Two elements of attraction are discernible—liturgy and authority. Members of non-liturgical churches may be inclined to scoff at liturgy as a matter of little importance, but a glance at history and at modern conditions will show its power. The continual stream of increase from all sides into the Episcopal Church of those who care nothing for its history or its government is alone enough to show this power.

Religion is not merely a matter of the intellect, but of the whole soul. Most people do not go to church to think, but to feel, and whatever stirs their religious emotions, and at the same time gives expression to them, gives them deep satisfaction. This may not be highly intellectual, but it is not irrational, as we would sometimes like to imagine. Evidently, then, one problem of no little importance for non-liturgical churches is to recognize more fully the sensuous element in religion and to provide for its legitimate satisfaction. Many attempts have been made in this direction, but it must be acknowledged that, so far as liturgy is concerned, a great deal is so lacking in beauty or logical arrangement that it might almost as well not have been done at all.

But liturgy is by no means the only attraction to those who pass from Unitarianism to the Episcopal Church. Another element of greater importance, though perhaps less distinctly realized, is authority—and coupled with it the element of mystery.

Unitarianism eliminates these two as completely as possible. Good advice is offered in profusion, but there is no compelling authority and no great stir of the emotions to urge men to follow the advice. For a certain class of minds, especially those given to theological speculation, this may be satisfactory, but the class is a small one. The desire for some authority on which to depend is almost universal. It is also entirely legitimate within certain bounds. We recognize the need of it in children, and we are coming to recognize that men do not cease to be children because they have lived twenty-one years. Even we ourselves must, most of us, acknowledge that we do not always feel competent to settle every one of the great problems of life, and long in our weaker moments for some one to lean on. In the Episcopal Church, and of course still more in the Roman Catholic Church, the suggestion of authority is everywhere present. It is not generally obtrusive, but is everywhere implied. A mind with its spiritual longings unsatisfied, perplexed with the great problems of life and death, wearied with ineffectual efforts at a satisfactory explanation, is glad to commit their solution to a Church that will assume the responsibility, without inquiring too closely into its title-deeds.

Is it possible to maintain an authority such as so many minds crave and yet be loyal to the spirit of truth? There is no necessary incompatibility. Turn to the

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physical sciences. There we have at the same time perfect freedom of inquiry and an authority that is tremendous, though not absolute. Not only by the unlearned, but by the learned, in other branches of science are the conclusions accepted on the authority of the specialist in his own department. It is generally understood that these conclusions are liable to modification, but they are so continually verified by actual experience that they are felt to be working hypotheses sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

We have here, then, an example of authority and freedom of inquiry working together in entire harmony. Such authority may seem hardly adequate to the purpose, but a little reflection will show it to be not only equal to that offered by either Roman Catholic or Episcopal Church, but equal to the demands of the mind. Those who enter the Episcopal Church from the Unitarian rarely do so because they have made a critical study of the basis of the authority of the Church, but because they find in its practical workings that which satisfies their religious instincts, often in the face of their doctrinal beliefs. All that the general public asks is a working hypothesis which includes all the facts in the case—the facts being those of spiritual experience.

Such movements as Christian Science or Dowieism are profoundly instructive. Logically they are naught, but practically they have immense success because they bring into prominence neglected or underemphasized facts of the soul's life, and the general mind rightly cares far more for facts than for theories. A person whose whole life has been illumined by Christian Science is not likely to find much fault with its theories. But though facts are the first thing and theories must always be subordinate to them, yet theories are of immense importance in handling facts; that is the only way in which the human mind can deal with them. False or imperfect theories, like the Ptolemaic system of astronomy or the Salem witchcraft delusion, may lead us terribly astray, while more correct and nobler theories, like the theory of gravitation, or the doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God, may be of unspeakable benefit in science and religion. What we have to do is to develop a theory which shall cover all the facts in the case. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle makes one of his characters say, "When theology squares itself with life, I'll read it up." This strikes the keynote, for theology is fundamentally a part of psychology, as are music and art, ethics and sociology. The fact has been obscured hitherto by the exclusive use made of the Bible as not only the source but the final arbiter of every doctrine. Inexhaustible as a source, it fails us when applied to a purpose for which it was never intended by its writers. But we are now beginning to see more clearly, and when we have a theology based on the needs of the human heart we may feel confident that it will carry with it an authority to which men of science will listen with respect, while the man on the street will not find it lacking, since it is from his own desires and aspirations, unconscious though they be, that it has been taken.

Of course there have been numerous attempts to make theology more humane and more rational, the two purposes generally going together. The idea of rationality has generally been more evident, but the humane idea has been at least equally efficient. Of these attempts the Unitarian and Universalist movements and the present "new theology" movement are the most prominent. But the difficulty with the first two has been that, while incomparably more rational and, in the common meaning of the word, more humane, than the systems which they opposed, they have failed to include certain elements essential to the nurture of the ordinary human soul. Attractive as they are to the reason, these two forms of religious belief have proved to be like unfertilized flowers—beautiful, but incapable of developing fruit.

Wherein have these attempts at humanizing theology failed? Two points of some importance have already been pointed out, but a third of still greater influence remains to be mentioned.

When Unitarianism began, it seemed likely to carry all before it. Jefferson prophesied that in fifty years all America would be Unitarian. But its development was soon checked. For all its reasonableness, the mass of the people refused to accept it. It was, as they said, too cold. The reason for this coldness lay, not in

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any theory concerning the person of Christ, but in the question over which the contest was really waged—the doctrine of total depravity. Small blame to the Unitarians for protesting against that doctrine in the horrible form in which it was then presented. But in their endeavor to make religion more humane they cast out that element in it which is most essential to human nature—the doctrine of the new life, known also as regeneration and as conversion. It is the conviction that its adherents have entered upon a new life which has been the power of religious movements in all ages. When this was discarded, the movement soon ceased to show great vitality. Some of the leading Unitarians themselves recognize this lack, and are doing what they can to remedy it.

Recent investigations have proved that regeneration is a normal event in human development. During his youth every one enters into a new life of some sort, and the question is whether this new life shall include the highest part of his nature. Nor is it to be expected, or even desired, that this great change shall be accomplished without excitement. As well might we expect that the process of falling in love should proceed without excitement. A religious life without excitement is likely to be shallow and unfruitful. A soul that has not been stirred to its depths is not likely to be of great use in the world. Of course the nature of the excitement will vary very greatly in different individuals. Great revulsions of feeling will come rather with those whose previous life has been in distinct antagonism to the new than in those in whom it has been a preparation for the new. But even in the latter there must be this deep stirring of the soul, however quiet its outward manifestation, if there is to be spiritual strength and maturity. The danger of morbid excitement is real and obvious. The danger of spiritual deadness is no less real though it may be less obvious, and at the present it is much more imminent.

It is evident from the results of the inquiries which we have mentioned that the effort of theology to square itself with human nature is not discredited by previous attempts. The difficulty with our "natural theology" hitherto has been simply that it was not natural enough. It took its human nature for granted instead of studying it scientifically.

To sum up, then, in a word the results which we have reached, the problem which we have to meet is, "How to maintain the spiritual life of the Church in view of the changed views concerning the Bible and the consequent undermining of our religious faith?" The answer to the problem I find to lie in a "new theology" founded on God's revelation of himself in human nature, of which the revelation in the Bible forms a most important part. For practical purposes the points on which we need to lay greatest emphasis at the present time are liturgy, authority, and, most of all, the reality and necessity of the new birth.

It may be that there are other elements of equal consequence with those I have named in the solution of the problem; but it will not, I think, be denied that these are of the highest importance. If there are others, we may feel confident that that same inductive method which has proved so all-powerful in every other branch of inquiry will not fail us here.

Dr. Federn's Dante[1]

DANTE died in exile at Ravenna in 1321. In 1373 Boccaccio lectured on the Inferno in St. Stephen's at Florence, and Benvenuto da Imola was making his great commentary on the Comedy, which had not yet been called "Divine." Since those days Dante has stirred the hearts and busied the pens of so many writers that the mere catalogue of them and their works fills two big volumes.

Dr. Federn, known already through his translation into German of Dante's "New Life," has now written in English, with the help of English friends, what academic and unacademic readers must know before they can fairly understand Dante. We need not pick out the flaws in this writer's style. If he habitually says "while" where he means "although;" if, again,

[1] *Dante and His Time.* By Karl Federn. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

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he tells of "the wolf which, when howling, holds his forepaws to its mouth," Dr. Federn is making such blunders as an American or an Englishman would make in German. It would be ungracious to dwell on the few verbal errors of a German who has paid us the compliment of writing in our mother tongue a good book on inexhaustible Dante.

Of all who have essayed this theme, Lowell has written the best. His scholarship is never quibbling, is abreast of the time. His style is glowing, and he grasps his subject in a manner so masterly that whoever has read Lowell well cannot miss what is greatest in Dante. Yet, in an essay, Lowell could not tell us everything. One must read many others to understand adequately the environment in which our poet lived. Franz Xavier Kraus has lately written a work on Dante wherein scientific criticism is combined with sound æsthetics. But his book would take a month to read, and it is in German.

Dr. Federn tells less eloquently but more fully than J. A. Symonds those historical and moral facts that bear on the life and work of Dante. Through the ages of ignorance, filth, starvation, cruelty, and suicide, he brings us to the New Moral Ideal. Out of the darkness in which men are sinning they at least look forward to a distant light which they will never overtake. The tolerant beliefs of Western heathendom have yielded to the intolerance of the East. Peter Lombard, speaking for old and mediæval Christendom, tells how the joys of the blest are enhanced by the sight of the damned in their pain. Dr. Federn shows how the mediæval world thought itself to have been divinely foreshadowed in pagan antiquity; he explains how, through forgeries foisted easily into the minds of an ignorant public, the early ecclesiastical politicians established widespread belief in the Church's temporal power. If they expressed the spirit of the age, little it mattered whether such rights were "decreed" in Rome or forged in Reims.

The confusion of Italian politics, the growth of wealth and population in the towns, the degree of culture reached in the thirteenth century, are made clear. Whoever would know more about the fight for knowledge should read Dr. Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." Dr. Federn does well briefly to analyze Brunetto Latini's "Tresor," which roughly sums up many scientific notions of Dante. Our author somewhat errs in thinking that Dante outstripped contemporary men of science. It is rather his stupendous poetic synthesis that makes him the noblest literary representative of thought in the Middle Ages. Dr. Federn speaks truth in saying, "There is but one soul in those distant days whose inmost thoughts are laid before us and may be glanced over—the soul of Dante."

Of our poet's life we learn here nothing new. Lowell hints at a strain of Germanic blood; Dr. Federn alludes to the curious fact that Aldiger (from which come Aldigherius and Alighieri) meant in Old German "Ruler of the Spear," and he refers to Shakespeare. Symonds, by the by, is quite wrong when he says that Alighieri means the "Wingbearer."

Though Dante's Beatrice has been studied more deeply by Dr. Edward Moore, Professor Norton, Gaspary, and others, Dr. Federn shrewdly sums up some striking reputations of academic folly: "Gabriele Rossetti [thinks] that Beatrice indicates the Roman Empire, while Father Gietmann proves just the contrary, that she means the Roman Church; Francesco Perez declares her to be 'Active Intelligence,' and Professor Bartoli maintains that she is simply the Ideal Woman. Many have replied to this with the ironical questions why Dante, just at the age of nine, should have encountered the Roman Empire, aged eight, in the streets of Florence, and why the Roman Empire laughed so merrily whenever it saw him, and how the Church could ever go to Church, and how it was possible that the Active Intelligence died precisely on June 9, 1290; and a hundred similar things which are not to be understood." We may agree with Dr. Federn that Dante idealized, then symbolized, a lovely Florentine whom he had worshiped in their childhood and youth.

Of Dante himself this writer speaks with some eloquence. "He had suffered all ill chance that could fall to the lot of man. He loved and had lost his beloved one; his family life was unhappy; he was

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a statesman, and as such was unsuccessful; he saw his party defeated and driven from the land, and when the Emperor, from whom he had expected the redemption of Italy and his own reinstatement, entered Italy with a victorious army, he saw him die. He had been full of the noblest intentions, yet men not only gave him no thanks, but had hunted him out, had branded his name with foul crimes, and condemned him to death. He had lost his whole fortune; one of the proudest of men, he was forced continually to humble himself and to live on foreign alms; one of the greatest poets of all times, he saw himself neither understood nor honored. His whole life was devoted to his native city, he clung to it with all his heart, and he passed twenty-two years longing in vain to return to it."

To those whom "long study and great love" have guided along the hidden and often thorny paths that lead to understanding of Dante Dr. Federn says nothing new. Yet to this class of men, as well as to all who would know in a measure the greatest spirit of mediæval Christendom, his book will be both useful and entertaining. A many-sided man requires a many-sided volume.[1]

[1] The following books will also be of great value to English as well as to Italian readers of Dante: "The Divine Comedy," translated by C. E. Norton (very literal); by Longfellow (with good notes); by T. W. Parsons (only Hell and Purgatory, but one of the most adequate translations in the world's literature). The "Vita Nuova," translated by Rossetti. "The Convivio" or Banquet, by Katharine Hillard, published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co., London. "De Vulgari Eloquentia," or Eloquence in the Vernacular, by A. G. Howell (Kegan Paul, etc.). "De Monarchia," by F. J. Church (Macmillan). "Canzoniere," or Book of Songs, by Plutre. "Eclogues," by Wicksteed and Gardiner. Paget Toynbee's Dante Dictionary is a mine easily explored and always full of good ore.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

An Uncrowned Queen: The Story of the Life of Frances E. Willard told for Young People. By Bernie Babcock. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. 75c., net.

Augustus Cæsar and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. By John B. Firth, B.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.35, net.

This is a biography of more than ordinary merit and value. The real character of Augustus is still an open question. If ever a great man stood in a precarious position, if any such man needs to be judged with full knowledge of the conditions surrounding him and the problems confronting him, it was the man who bridged the formidable gap between the Roman Republic and the Empire, and effected the necessary transition. Augustus is therefore not only an interesting figure to the ordinary reader of history, but for the modern politician and statesman a fascinating subject for study. Mr. Firth's analysis of the political situation and of Augustus's policy evinces insight and discrimination. Particularly illuminating are the frequent parallels he draws between those times and the present. For instance, the fact that the Crown is to-day the bond of union between the separated members of the British Empire helps us to understand how Cæsar-worship, to us so repugnant, rapidly spread through the Roman world, less as a tribute to a monarch than as a divinizing of the idea of the Empire personified in him. Mr. Firth regards Augustus as a true conservative, whose purpose was not to uproot the old, but to graft upon it the new that new conditions required. The volume has many lessons for the student of political science. It is effectively illustrated.

Beauty of Holiness (The): Meditations and Addresses Delivered Chiefly at Cuddesdon. By the Venerable C. W. Furse, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 256 pages. $2.50, net.

Archdeacon Furse was a clergyman of the type whose life is their sermon, a man, according to Bishop Gore, of rare richness, depth, and power as a spiritual teacher. This memorial volume contains selections from his addresses to candidates for Orders, and from papers written for meetings of the clergy. Their pervasive note is evangelical simplicity and warmth. Archdeacon Furse was a man of strong "High Church" convictions, and his ecclesiastical horizon was apparently bounded by the pale of the establishment; but within those limits he was a power for charity and sincerity, for breadth and depth of spiritual life.

Boy on a Farm (A): At Work and at Play. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Introduction by Lyman Abbott. The American Book Co., New York. 45c.

This little volume includes "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play," familiar to the childhood of many readers now of middle age. Jacob Abbott, the introduction says, not only loved children but respected them, and he would have as soon defaulted on a promissory note as to break a promise to a child. It was because he was a natural and sincere friend of children that they liked his stories even when they were a little didactic. We doubt whether the present tales, designed as they were for

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very young children, were ever quite as beloved as the "Beechnut" and other Franconia stories. Mr. Clifton Johnson, who furnishes some simple pictures, says of the educational effect of Jacob Abbott's stories that "they taught industry, honesty, and all the manly virtues, and they had a distinctly refining and elevating effect."

Calvert of Strathore. By Carter Goodloe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¼ in. 377 pages. $1.50.

A very pleasantly written story of life at the American Embassy in Paris during the Revolution, Jefferson and Morris being among the most prominent characters; the hero a gallant young Southerner, and the heroine a fascinating Frenchwoman of the Old Régime. The interest of the story lies largely in the picture of life which it presents during the early days of the Revolution. It is not marked by any unusual power of invention, but it is written with excellent taste and restraint, and shows evidences of a cultivated mind.

Cinna, ou la Clemence d'Auguste. By Pierre Corneille. Edited by John E. Matzke, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 128 pages.

Daily Training. By E. F. Benson and Eustace H. Miles. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.50, net.

With commendable simplicity and reasonableness, suggestions and directions are here set down concerning such exercises and general regimen as may contribute to the acquisition or preservation of health. Rules are based on the experience and observation of both authors, one of whom is a vegetarian, the other a meat-eater; one takes regular, the other sporadic, outdoor exercise; one a hot, the other a cold, bath; one uses tobacco, the other abjures it. They claim to be in harmony on fundamentals, and their advice is doubtless the more acceptable and effective because of their differences in practice. Argument for physical culture goes deeper than the simple invigoration of the body: "There is no healthful habit of body which does not exercise healthful influence on the soul," say they.

Doukhobors (The): Their History in Russia, Their Migration to Canada. By Joseph Elkinton. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 336 pages. $2.

An extremely interesting book to all in sympathy with religious idealism. The first half of it is an account of the author's personal experiences among the Doukhobors of Canada, whom he visited upon a philanthropic, or rather an educational, mission. Plunging right into the heart of his subject, he convinces the reader in his first few pages that the Doukhobors have been seriously misrepresented by the sensational despatches describing their hopeless fanaticism. It is true, he says, that several hundred of them in the Yorkton district "liberated" their farm animals, and followed their leader across the plains at the approach of winter to meet the returning Christ, but these victims of religious delusion, he claims, no more represented the general mass of Doukhobors than the followers of Mr. Dowie or Mrs. Eddy represent the general mass of Christians in America. All the "liberated" farm animals in the Yorkton district were bought by other Doukhobors in this district, and in the Saskatchewan district none of the Doukhobors followed the deluded prophet. Mr. Elkinton found the Doukhobors to be of a very high type spiritually, fine in their domestic relations and in their hospitality, ready to welcome education, and, as a rule, notably prosperous in their new homes. The latter half of the volume is a sympathetic account of the early history of the Doukhobors and of their recent persecutions and exodus from Russia. The photographs with which the volume is profusely and well illustrated were mainly taken by the author during his visit to the colonies in Canada.

Elementary History of the United States: Told in Biographies. By James Baldwin. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 360 pages. 65c.

Few of Hamilton's Letters (A): Including His Description of the Great West Indian Hurricane of 1772. Edited by Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 277 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Atherton's selection from the great mass of Hamilton's correspondence has been guided by the purpose of bringing out the human, personal, individual man, rather than the statesman or financier. In this she has been reasonably successful. The letters about Arnold and André are particularly vivid and moving. All readers of Mrs. Atherton's "The Conqueror" will feel peculiar interest in seeing Hamilton's own account of the hurricane which forms so prominent a scene in the novel; the account, written for a newspaper, is bombastic but brilliantly descriptive. Mrs. Atherton wrote her description before she saw Hamilton's, and, terrible as her picture was, she justly says that after reading Hamilton's she thinks she "drew it mild." We commend the book to those who would like to have a first-hand view of the great American in many moods and relations.

Fishing and Shooting. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 268 pages. $3.50, net.

A handsome volume with illustrations by Archibald Thorburn, recording the thoughts, experiences, observations, and suggestions of a sportsman who loves out-of-door life quite as much as he loves the prosecution of sport. The chapters are very pleasant reading because they are full of the atmosphere of the open fields and the streams.

From a Thatched Cottage. By Eleanor G. Hayden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 309 pages. $1.50.

A story of crime that brings its curse and love that brings its blessing. The people who figure in it are middle-class country folk in England; among them are men who visit taprooms too often, women who keep hearth-fires bright, gossips who carry idle tales, and poachers who risk their lives to catch a hare.

Grey Wig (The): Stories and Novelettes. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 563 pages. $1.50, net.

Some of these tales are very short; one or two run to the length of the novelette. Most

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of them relate more or less directly to the social problems of womankind. Mr. Zangwill always writes cleverly, but not always does he have a story worth telling. Here he is as far as possible from dealing with the kind of subjects which made "The King of Schnorrers" and "The Children of the Ghetto" so delightful, but while one may prefer that earlier work, it is impossible not to recognize ability and versatility in some of these stories.

Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples: Epictetus, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius. By Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 269 pages. $1.40, net.

In spite of the impressive list of titles and offices appended to the author's name, his treatment of his subject is untechnical, not to say amateurish. He is not so much a discriminating thinker as a fair, if somewhat eclectic, reporter.

Guided and Guarded. By Joseph S. Malone. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 221 pages. $1.25.

History of American Political Theories. By C. Edward Merriam, A.M., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

A compact, interesting, illuminating account of the development of political theory in America—the growth of democratic ideas in the colonies, the enthusiasm for democratic ideals during the war for independence, the aristocratic reaction which followed, the further progress of radicalism under Jefferson and Jackson, the new reaction against these "leveling" tendencies among pro-slavery statesmen and the new enthusiasm for them among the anti-slavery leaders, and, finally, the tendencies at the present day to modify the individualistic theories and decentralizing tendencies which had hitherto been increasingly dominant in our political life. In his concluding chapter the author defends the present-day tendencies against the charge that they involve a departure from the lines of democracy, but in the main the volume is so purely historical in its spirit that the author's views on current questions could not be gathered with any assurance from his narrative.

Hand-Loom Weaving: A Manual for School and Home. By Mattie Phipps Todd. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 160 pages.

This little manual contains a great deal of information useful to those interested in the theme, and directions for practicing the art, with cuts illustrating its progressive steps, from mats produced in kindergartens to the afghans, hammocks, and rugs possible to higher-grade experts. The ethical value of weaving in training head, hand, and heart is insisted upon; patience, perseverance, and delicacy of hand are values accruing, it is said, from employment of simple, primitive tools which leave much for the hand to do. Mothers, as well as teachers and folks who weave for weaving's sake, might find the book helpfully suggestive.

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.50.

Two pure women, wronged by one man, are thrown with each other—upon each other, as it were. They must stand or fall together. One is wife by law; the other wife by a marriage she believed legal. What happens in Charity's garden, where for twenty years she has waited for William and where Hagar comes instead, is the climax of a story strongly and delicately told. There is room and to spare for a fine play of jealousy, resentment, pity, and sympathy between the women, and, on the part of the author, for reserve and breadth in the treatment of William's character. The literary ability is not marked.

Italy. Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. Twelfth Remodeled Edition. With Maps and Plans. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×6¼ in. 563 pages. $2.40, net.

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 490 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Language Lessons. By J. W. Sewell. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 160 pages. 35c.

Light Behind (The). By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

This book takes into account the spiritual cry (suppressed though it may be) of the modern society man and woman toward God; without showing bias for Roman Catholic or Protestant forms, there seems to be quiet insistence on the necessity of form for that cry's expression. Yet this is not a religious novel. It is a story of English high life, and the heroine is a beautiful, noble woman, a fine type of the great lady here and abroad, whose hands are so full of philanthropies and clever schemes for helping people along that she sometimes overlooks things of greater importance. Unmindful of the injury his character may sustain in the race for success into which she thrusts him, Lady Cheriton nearly ruins, before she knows it, the life and character of a protégé on whose advancement her heart is fixed. There is a plea for life's negative and quiet virtues, and a harking back to the "Light Behind" as the radiance which must show the soul the pathway to the light that shines ahead.

Love with Honour. By Charles Marriott. John Lane, New York. 5×7 in. 337 pages. $1.50.

This will increase the favorable impression made by Mr. Marriott's first novel, "The Column." The intellectual quality of the book is unusual; one feels that the author is seriously intent on a true analysis of character and motive. A certain vagueness of form is compensated for by the increasing interest of a singular and dramatic situation. The men and women of the story grow clearer and clearer in portrayal as the tension of this situation increases, and one lays down the volume with gratitude that at least one fiction-writer can abstain from producing "pot-boilers" and "quick sellers," to give us instead something worthy of the thoughtful consideration of readers who value proportion, natural development, and creative ability.

Man of Destiny (A): Being the Story of Abraham Lincoln. An Epic Poem. By Ernest Linwood Staples. The Lincoln Publishing Co., Shelton, Conn. 5×8½ in. 71 pages. Paper bound. 75c.

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Marty. By John Strange Winter. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. $1.25.

The strong point of this novel lies in a certain "homey," domestic quality peculiar to other works by the same writer. The real heroine is not Marty, for whom the book is named, but her mother. In the latter is found the combination of a second-hand clothes dealer, a wise and kind mother, and the adorable mother-in-law of a fine gentleman worthy of the connection—which is saying a great deal for him. Marty makes one blunder so utterly out of keeping with herself as to cast a reflection upon the ingenuity of the author, who had to make her do it for the sake of the story. The scene is laid in London, Paris, and a French convent.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. VII. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 888 pages.

New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. II., Macbeth. Revised Edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6½×10 in. 566 pages. $4, net.

On Satan's Mount. By Dwight Tilton. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 459 pages. $1.50.

The author's evident intention is to show through the medium of his novel that the love of power in the individual American threatens American moral life, American institutions, and the life of the Republic. The American loves money, but as a means to an end, and that end is power; lust of power distorts his character, until in one and the same man are seen the tender husband and father, the philanthropist helping churches and building palaces for children of the poor, and the monopolist who in the routine of business crushes men, women, and children to death, as a matter of course and without compunction. Through his ambition to become the world's financial dictator, Mr. Tilton's capitalist is finally caught in a net which makes him a traitor to his own country. His champion of labor, affected with the germ of the national infirmity, stands at last, dizzy, on "Satan's Mount," is President of the United States for a few days, and dictatorship is within his grasp. Wall Street and Washington are the theaters of action, and in the characters many will think they recognize composite pictures of prominent men. The story is fanciful, but not without power and not without a lesson.

Our Homes and How to Beautify Them. By H. J. Jennings. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) H. Harrison & Sons, London.

This volume is made attractive by its scores of finely printed pictures of notable pieces of furniture, tapestries, chimney-corners, fireplaces, and friezes, and by its pictorial suggestions for arrangements or treatments of different parts of the home—halls, drawing-rooms, cozy corners, dining and billiard rooms, and so on. A closer examination shows that the text abounds in sensible advice and abundant information bearing on a very large number of subjects connected with artistic and tasteful house-furnishing.

Pilgrim Alden: The Story of the Life of the First John Alden in America. Prepared under the Direction of Augustus E. Alden. Illustrated. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. $2.

Pontius Pilate. Saint Ronan of Brittany. Théophile. Three Plays in Verse. By Henry Copley Greene. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 90 pages.

School Grammar of the English Language (A). By W. M. Baskervill and J. W. Sewell. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. 50c.

Sophocles. Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. $2.

Star Dreamer (The). By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 375 pages. $1.50.

Many readers will find this book disappointing as compared with the "Pride of Jennico." It lacks compactness and directness. One feels also that there is a sustained effort to carry on the romantic, idyllic key in which the style is pitched at the outset. Some of the characters lack reality and solidity. There is plenty of plot, turning chiefly on the efforts of the sister of the "star dreamer," Sir David, to ruin a noble and beautiful woman loved by Sir David, who has been already once betrayed and driven from the world to star-gazing by an equally villainous plot. The humor is furnished, not always very successfully, by an old lady of the Mrs. Malaprop type.

Studies in the Life of Paul: For Bible Classes and Private Use. By William H. Sallmon, M.A. (Revised Edition. Fourteenth Thousand.) The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, New York. 3½×6¾ in. 130 pages. 25c.

Tar-Heel Baron (A). By Mabell Shippie Clarke Pelton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

As a presentation of phases of Southern life around Asheville, N. C., this book has an interest apart from the love-story it tells. The "Baron" and other leading characters gain a hold upon the reader's affection and respect. For villains there are a revenue officer and a moonshiner. Hilda, from an artistic standpoint, ought to have been kept in the background and left in Germany.

Witchery of Sleep (The). Compiled by Willard Moyer. Illustrated. Ostermoor & Co., New York. 5¾×7¾ in. 205 pages. $2.

The subject is at once poetic and practical, and is treated accordingly. "A man can go forty days without solid food; he can live seven days or longer without food or water; he can live but seven days without sleep." Diet seems, therefore, hardly so important a theme as sleep, save as it is related to "Nature's sweet restorer." Sleep in mythology, in poetry, in hygiene, how to induce it, the sort of bed and pillow one should use—dreams—these are various phases of the one theme discussed. In the series of illustrations, "The World's Sleeping Places," the history of the bed from its earliest form and use until now is pictured. A collection of famous poems and notable sayings about sleep concludes the book.

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Correspondence

By Way of Remonstrance

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I want to tell the readers of The Outlook a little story of actual experience, and ask them if these things ought so to be. By a combination of evil circumstances I have been tied up here in Penang in the Straits Settlements nearly a week pending the departure of a ship for Rangoon. Yesterday I was rushing about, as one does that in the tropics, trying to extract from the English steamship agents some ideas as to sailing dates and the other things one traveling wishes to know. They all denied knowledge of the points in question. I believe an Englishman fears that he will cease to acquire merit if he answers questions. Finally I bethought myself of the American Consul. He, I thought, being an American, will know things, and will not be afraid to tell them.

After a good bit of dodging around 'rickshaws and Chinese barbers, I came across a little dingy tin sign indicating that the premises of the Consul were within. There was, however, no flag to be seen anywhere. On going up an exceedingly dirty pair of stairs, I found myself in what was apparently a Chinese market. Asking in some surprise where the Consulate was, I was directed to a man at the top of the room. I gave him "Good-morning" and presented my card, adding with a good deal of pride, "I am an American." And the reply I heard, in exceedingly Teutonic English, was, "Ah—very good; I am not an American." As he had just told me he was the Consul, I was a bit staggered. On asking him *what* he was, it developed that he was a German-Swiss who had never even been in the States. As he knew even less than the English, and could not express that so well, I left very shortly.

On the street again a very little inquiry developed the fact that the other nations of the earth have native consuls and supply them with offices and flags. And we, the richest of them all, have a German-Swiss!

Have the people of the United States no National pride? Do they not see how such things as this must appear to the residents of other countries in a place like this? An American doctor here tells me that the English do not care to meet the Americans socially. And small wonder. I should not care particularly for the society of Englishmen in some American port if their Consul, officially the first Englishman of them all, were a Mexican or a Chinese. Or is there no incongruity in talking big about protection and home industries, and having Consuls "made in Germany" without even a naturalization label on them?

EDWARD COLERIDGE ROBERTS.

Penang, Straits Settlements.

Destroying the Pines

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read Mr. McFarland's article in your issue of the 7th February on "The Pines" with a great deal of pleasure, and I also regret the wanton destruction of our pine-trees in our Northern as well as our Southern woods. Around the Christmas holidays I have often noticed carloads of these young trees standing in the yards of the railroad over which I travel daily to the city. I would not minimize in the least the Christmas spirit, but it does seem to me that the pleasure of a few days is not to be compared with the pleasure that is to be derived from a walk through the woods in the "living presence," as Mr. McFarland puts it, of these trees, and which can be enjoyed at all seasons of the year. Would it not be a good plan to start a crusade against this wholesale destruction of our pine-trees?

Scotch Plains, N. J. F. H.

Work Not Wanted

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Not longer ago than last Thanksgiving your paper contained a pathetic story about the experiences of a poor woman in New York in trying to support herself by labor. The story recorded only her failure. Ever since then I have been getting up my courage to say to you that we have room for a few such women (and men as well) in this town. Any woman who knows how to work can earn in this

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town a dollar and a half a day six days in the week, and if she is sharp about it, can get two of her three meals as well.

It is flatly impossible to secure anybody to come into one's house and do a day's work. And in presenting the above opportunity, I am offering the worst end of the opportunity; for it is said that one woman here, who faithfully does laundry work at her own home, has made twenty dollars a week and turns away work that is offered.

Of course it is housework and it is not in Manhattan. There are few chances to go to the theater; but the air is good, the climate full of variety, and there is a trolley.

The same way with men. If one wants a man to do work about one's place, one has to wait two or three weeks and then wish he had waited longer. The lowest compensation for such work is a dollar and a half for nine hours. Any one of us would be glad to pay a man who would *work* two dollars.

It seems to me that papers like The Outlook would do well to have some such facts as these to offer to the plaints of the city poor; for I am persuaded that conditions like this prevail in the majority of Massachusetts towns.

Middleborough, Mass. G. E. M.

The Czar's Decree

Elsewhere we comment on the imperial decree issued by the Czar last week. The following is the full text:

On ascending the throne of our ancestors by the providence of God, we made a solemn vow before the Almighty and our conscience to guard sacredly the centuries-old pillars of Russian power and to dedicate our life to the service of our beloved fatherland in indefatigable solicitude for our subjects. We chose, in order to assure the well-being of our people, the way indicated by the memorable deeds of our predecessors, especially our never-to-be-forgotten father. God pleased to interrupt the deeds of our father by his early death, and thus laid on us the sacred duty of completing the consolidation of order and truth begun by him in conformity with the exigencies of national life. The troubles agitating our country, which to our deep regret have partly been sown by designs hostile to the State and partly engendered by doctrines foreign to Russian life, hinder the general work of ameliorating the well-being of our people. These troubles confuse the public mind, remove the people from productive labor, and often ruin families dear to our heart and young energies, among high and low, necessary to the internal development of the country. In demanding the fulfillment of this our will, while remaining strongly opposed to any violation of the normal course of national life and having confidence that all will loyally discharge their local duties, we are irrevocably decided to satisfy the needs for which the State has become ripe, and have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all our subjects of other religions and to all foreign persuasions freedom of creed and worship in accordance with other rites; and we are further resolved to continue the active carrying out of measures for the improvement of the material position of the orthodox rural clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in intellectual and public life.

In accordance with impending measures for the consolidation of the national economy, the efforts of the State credit institutions and especially the nobles' and peasants' banks should be directed to strengthening and developing the welfare and fundamental pillars of Russian village life, and that of the local nobility and peasantry. These principles marked out by us for the revision of the laws of the rural population are, when formulated, to be referred to the provincial government councils, so that, with the assistance of persons enjoying the public's confidence, they may be further developed and adapted to the special conditions of individual localities. In this work the fundamental principle of the inviolability of communal property is to be maintained, while at the same time means are to be found to render it easier for the individual to sever connections with the community to which he belongs, if he so desires.

Without delay, measures must be taken to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor.

Thorough reform is to be effected in the provincial governments and district administrations by the local representatives, while attention will be devoted to securing closer co-operation between the communal authorities and parochial trustees of the orthodox churches wherever possible.

Calling upon all our subjects to co-operate in strengthening the moral foundations of the family, school, and public life, under which alone the well-being of the people and the confidence of every one in the stability of his rights can develop, we command our Ministers and chief officials concerned in this matter to submit to us their views regarding the execution of our intentions

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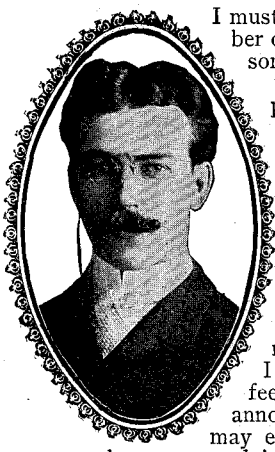
I Propose to More than Double My Fee

My system is built around Alois P. Swoboda. It depends upon me and my intimate knowledge of human ailments and their treatment.
There is a limit to my personal effort. I cannot give individual attention to more than a limited number of pupils.



I must either restrict the number of my pupils or neglect some of them.

I will not neglect a pupil—I certainly have no intention of reducing my income, hence the increase.

My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases; my years of investigation and study along this particular line cannot be counterfeited.

The breadth and depth of this knowledge—the determination and concentration which my individual attention to each case demand, are evidenced by the fact that, in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous results.

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW.

There is no guess work.

Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not relieve hopeless cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia and rheumatism, liver trouble and nervous diseases of every description, etc.

My system not only does this, but it rounds out the ungraceful form, puts muscle where it is needed, reduces obesity, purifies the blood and, in fact, fits man, woman or child to nature's perfect mold.

It is right living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature. It makes men strong, alert and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my system beyond what it has done for him.

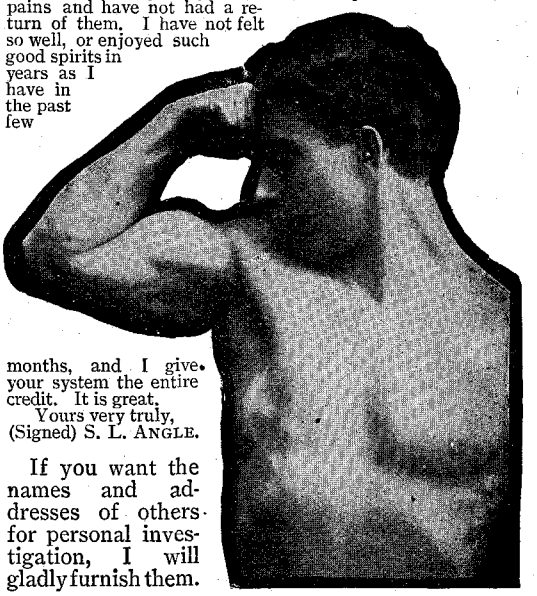
Here is a Letter Received from the Cashier of the German National Bank of Marietta, Ohio. It Tells an Interesting Story, Because It's True.

MARIETTA, OHIO, FEB. 21, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to be able to testify to the benefits I have derived from your system of physiological exercise.

Last winter I suffered all the time with neuralgia in back of head and neck. I began this winter with same trouble. After four weeks under your system, I was entirely free from neuralgia pains and have not had a return of them. I have not felt so well, or enjoyed such good spirits in years as I have in the past few months, and I give your system the entire credit. It is great.



Yours very truly,
(Signed) S. L. ANGLE.

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

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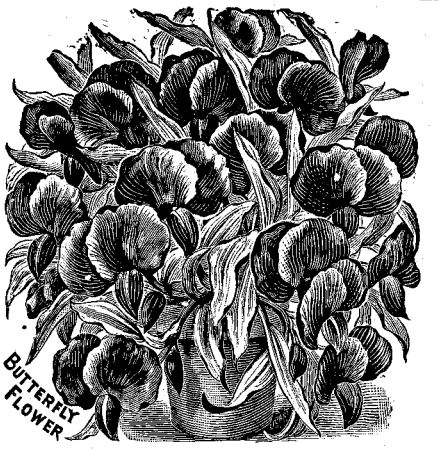

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No plant possesses so many good points as do these two glorious new Commelinas. Of graceful trailing habit, superb for carpet bedding or for hanging pots. *In pots they bloom every day in the year.* In the garden from May until frost, showing *daily* scores of large winged butterfly-like blossoms. Color (No. 1) the most beautiful blue to be found in any flower. A shade so exquisitely lovely as to baffle description. Thrives in sun or shade, wet or dry, rich or poor soil; as easily raised as a weed from seed or cuttings, grows rapidly, flowers at once, and propagates so easily that plants are very cheap. Blooms in 50 days from seed.

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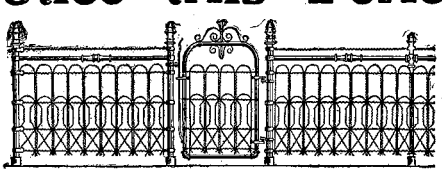

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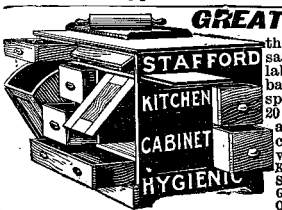

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